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THE NEW BARNES READERS

BOOK FOUR

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THE SEARCH FOR THE BEAUTIFUL

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

"heart's desire"
"the Angel of Beauty"
gallery (for works of art)

We see what the heart wishes to see.

WORDS TO LEARN

shimmer: to shine faintly.
desire: to long for; to wish for earnestly.
portrait: a picture of a person or a face drawn from life.
wearisome: tiresome
castle (kăs'l): a large, strong house of a nobleman or wealthy person.
recover: to get back one's health. To get back something lost.

TO THE PUPIL

Have you ever wanted one thing more than anything else in the world? Have you thought about it and planned how you might win it?

Have you been told how people search the world over for something they desire very much and return home disappointed?

Read the story and be ready to tell where, first of all, we should look for our heart's desire.

I

There was once a boy named Karl, who lived in a little village in a valley, far from all the great cities. It was a

simple and quiet village, but very pleasant to see, because of the many flowers that grew in the people's gardens, and the beautiful hills that lay just behind it. In the middle of the village was an old chapel, and as the boy's father was the sexton, their little house and garden were next door. The chapel was a dim, restful place, with stained-glass windows, which had been made hundreds of years before, and had figures of saints and angels shimmering in them. Very often, when Karl was tired of both work and play, he would go in and sit there, and would sometimes fall asleep looking at the lovely pictures in the windows.

There was a particular reason why he was so much interested in the pictures, and that was that he wished to be a great artist. Before he was old enough to read, he had drawn pictures wherever he could find a place to put them, and nothing made him so happy as to have


Mabel Betsy Hill

a present of colored crayons or paints. Then, as he grew older, whatever money he could save for himself, which was not much, for his father and mother were poor, he spent in paying for lessons in drawing and painting.

But as the village was so small, Karl wished very much to go to see the world, and to study painting with great teachers. The village people thought that he was already a wonderful painter, because he could sit down before a flower, or a house or even a child's face, and make such a good copy of it that no one could think how it might be better. They could not see, therefore, why Karl was not satisfied. But he always told them that there were better pictures in the world than either he or they had ever seen, and that if they could once see them, they would never again be pleased with his.

"Well, in that case," the people answered, "why should we want to see

them? If what you say is true, we would be less happy than we are now. We are pleased with your pictures, and you should be pleased with them, too."

"No," said Karl. "I can not be pleased with anything until it is the very best I can do, and I believe I can do better. If I could only see the most beautiful things in the world, I could paint them. I have painted everything in this place, the old chapel, and the hills behind the village, and the flowers in our garden, and all the prettiest children. But all the time I have known that these are not the most beautiful sights. Somewhere is the most beautiful sight in the world. I shall never be happy till I have seen it."

II

So they could not make him believe that they were right, and, although he enjoyed his work, he was never pleased

with it when it was finished. At last there came a time when he thought he could go away to see the world. His brothers were now old enough to be of help to his father; and his mother, though she would be very lonely without him, seemed almost as eager as he that he should make his great journey.

There was really no one but Karl himself who knew why it was that he felt so sure he must go away. Something had happened more than a year before, which he had kept secret but had never forgotten. One day he had been working hard at a picture, as he always did in his spare minutes, and had grown tired and discouraged, because when it was finished it was not as beautiful as he had hoped. So he had gone into the little old chapel to rest and comfort himself, as I have said that he did so often.

There was one window in the chapel

that Karl had always thought especially beautiful. In it was the figure of a great white angel, whom he always called the Angel of Beauty, not knowing what her real name might be. He knelt under the window, where he could look up into the face of this angel, and thought how fine it would be if she could only speak to him, and give him a message, as the angels and saints had done in earlier times.

"I know what I would say to her," he said to himself. "I would ask, 'When can I ever paint the beautiful picture that I am always trying to paint?' "

Then a very wonderful thing happened. Karl had asked this question aloud, because he was so much in earnest about it, and knew that no one else was in the chapel to hear him. Now, as he looked at the face of the angel in the window, he suddenly saw her

lips open; and then before he realized what it could mean, she was speaking to him. This was what he heard: "You can paint your beautiful picture when you have seen the most beautiful sight in the world."

That was all. Karl asked more questions, and begged the angel to tell him how he could find the most beautiful sight, but she never spoke to him again, though sometimes afterward, when he would go to the little chapel to rest after a hard day's work, he would think that he saw her lips breaking into a kindly smile, as she looked down upon him in the dim light. He never told any one, not even his father and mother, of the words that she had spoken to him, but he never ceased to think of them, and this was why he was so eager to set out on his journey, as he did at last.

III

It would take a very long time to tell about all of Karl's travels, during the months that followed. On the whole, though he saw many fine sights and made new friends, it was a wearisome journey. He did not have money enough to travel in comfort, and sometimes he would find that he had spent everything he had, and would be obliged to stop somewhere for a few weeks until he could earn enough to take him farther. Sometimes he would walk many miles, from one city to another, and arrive there with his feet so sore and his back so tired and aching, that it seemed to him he wanted only one thing, his little bed in his little room in the old home.

And all this would not have mattered, if only he could have found the thing for which he had set out. It always seemed to be just a little distance ahead

of him. At first he thought that he would be most likely to find it in the galleries where the paintings and statues of all the greatest artists were collected. So he visited these in the different cities, and once or twice he found a painting or a statue so wonderfully beautiful that he exclaimed, "Surely this is the most beautiful thing in the world!" But always some one said to him: "No, wait till you have seen such-and-such a picture in such-and-such a gallery. That is without doubt more beautiful than this." So he would go on hopefully to the other gallery, but always with the same uncertainty as to whether he had found that for which he was searching.

After many weeks spent in this way, Karl decided that it was not in pictures or statues, but in beautiful scenes of nature, that he was most likely to find what he sought. For whenever

he saw a lovely picture of a lake or a mountain, or a valley, it would occur to him that if the picture were so beautiful the landscape itself must be



still more so. As the summer was now coming on, he visited the loveliest countries that he could hear of, where the mountains were covered with snow the year round, while the valleys between were filled with wonderful flowers, and brooks

went singing down the slopes and emptied themselves into lakes as blue as the sky.

He had never dreamed of anything so beautiful as some of these places, yet the same thing happened that had happened before. Whenever he would say to another traveler that he thought this must be the most beautiful sight in the world, the traveler would say, "No. I have seen one still better; you will find it in the Valley of So-and-so." Then Karl would take up his journey again, always with new hope.

IV

Meantime he did not get good news from home. His mother wrote him that his father was dead, and this made him very sad. Then she wrote that it had been a hard winter in their neighborhood, so that his brothers had found it difficult to earn as much as usual, and they had had to sell some of their land to buy fuel

to keep them warm. But she did not ask Karl to come home, for she was as anxious as he was that he should become a great artist, and was sure that he would succeed if he only had good luck on his journey. So she told him to go on, and not to be troubled about the things that were happening at home, for she would not have written of them at all if it had not been to explain why she could not send him any money.

So Karl continued his journey a little farther, and tried to keep a good heart. At last he felt more certain than ever before that he was going to find the object of his search, for a number of travelers had told him that he ought to go to see a certain castle on a certain mountain, in a certain distant country, where the view was undoubtedly the most beautiful in the world. So many people told him this, that Karl felt now that all he had to do was to get money enough

to take him to that country, and his search would be ended. But this was hard to do. So he stopped in the city where he was, and found regular work, copying little pictures for a man who sold them. All the money he earned, he saved for the expense of his journey.

One day, when he thought that he had almost enough, he received a letter. It was from the village where his home was, but not from his mother. A neighbor wrote to him, telling him that his mother was too sick to write for herself, and that his brothers were sick, too; for there was a fever in their valley, and half the people in the village were ill. The neighbor said that he did not think Karl's mother would die, if she had good care, and that he was doing all he could for her and for the brothers, but there was no money with which to buy good food or medicines for them, and their near friends were almost as poor as they. So he

had decided to write, although Karl's mother would not agree to it, asking him to come home.

It was hard to receive a letter like this, when he was almost ready to finish the journey that had been so long and hard. Karl thought about it for a long time; but of course decided that there was but one thing to do. He must go home where his mother needed him. He was now not so very far away, and the money that he had saved for the longer journey would be enough to buy many comforts for the sick ones. So he bade good-by to the man who had employed him, and took the quickest way he could find toward home.

Although it had been a little hard to change his plans, when Karl was once on his way home it was surprising how happy he felt about it. He did not know how much he had missed his mother and his brothers and the old

place, until his face was turned toward them again. So instead of feeling sad about going in that direction, he could hardly wait to see the little village; and when he had really arrived there, he could not wait to get a sight of his mother, but ran down the street as fast as his feet would carry him, until he reached the door of their little house. There was his mother at the door to meet him, for she was recovering from the fever, and through the window had seen him running down the street.

Then Karl told her about his journey, and why he had come home; that he had not yet found the most beautiful sight in the world, but that he now felt more than willing to wait for it. "For," said he, "I have seen many beautiful things, and I can make pictures of them. Some day I may be able to finish the journey. But I am so happy to be at home again and to see you, that I do

not feel now as if I cared about anything else."

V

Then his mother took him by the hand, and they walked together out into the little garden, where everything was gay with the late summer flowers. "Why, dear me!" said Karl, "I never knew that we had such a beautiful little garden! Have you changed it any since I have been away?"

"No," said his mother, "but it has grown a little better every year, even when left to itself."

"It is certainly the prettiest garden I have ever seen," said Karl. "And look at that view of the hills behind the village! How beautiful it is with the afternoon lights and shadows lying on it! Mother, was that view of the hills always there just in the same way?"

"I think it must have been," said his mother, smiling at him. "You always

thought it was a beautiful sight, Karl."

"Yes," said Karl, "but not half so wonderful as this. And you too, mother, you have grown lovelier than you ever were before, in spite of having been sick and poor. If I were a great artist, I would paint your portrait and make my fortune by it."

His mother smiled again, not believing what he said, but pleased that he should think so.

"Mother," said Karl again, "I will paint your picture, sitting here in the garden, with the flowers blossoming about you, and the view of the hills behind you. If I can only make it seem as beautiful to others as it does to me, it will be the best picture I have ever made."

So the next morning Karl made his mother sit in the garden, and then brought his paints and went to work. He was afraid that everything would not look so beautiful as it had the night

before, when he had first come home, but it did. He worked faster and more joyfully than he had ever worked before, hoping that he would be able to put into the picture the wonderful new beauty that he saw all around him.

At sunset the picture was almost finished, and Karl sat alone in front of it, for his mother had gone into the house to get supper. He was feeling a little tired and discouraged, as he always did after a long day's work. Perhaps, he thought, it would be impossible for him to make other people see what he was seeing, and the picture would be nothing, after all, but a pleasure to his mother and himself.

"As soon as it gets too dark to work on it any longer," he said, "I shall go into the chapel to see my Angel of Beauty. I am sure she will comfort me, as she always used to do."

Just then he thought he heard some one beside him, and when he looked up

quickly, there stood the white angel at his side, just as he had seen her so often in the chapel window! Karl was so surprised that he could not think of anything to say, but sat looking up at her with big, wondering eyes.

"I have been here helping you all day," she said, "but I thought it would comfort you more if you could see me." Then she touched his hand lightly with her hand, and Karl went to work again with his brush, which now seemed to do its work with a wonderful skill that he had never noticed in it before.

"Ah," he said happily, "that was the color I wanted all the time! And that is the light on the hills that I saw last evening and thought so beautiful!"

Then, resting from his work a minute, he turned his face again toward the angel, and said to her, "Will this really be the picture that I have wanted to paint for so long?"

"Yes," said the angel, "it will; for at last you have found the most beautiful sight in the world."

"And it was here all the time?" said Karl.

"What is here does not make the picture," said the angel, "but what you see." Then she faded away as quietly as she had come, and Karl saw that his picture was finished.

This was the picture that made all the world know that Karl was a great artist, but how it came to be painted has never before been told.

Raymond M. Alden.



BEAUTIFUL THINGS

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

whole-souled honesty | crystal panes

WORDS TO LEARN

utterance: speech.
honesty: fairness and truth.
prudence: carefulness.
gird: bind.

TO THE PUPIL

Did you ever look into a beautiful face? What did you see there to make you love it?

The poem, "Beautiful Things," tells of a particular kind of beauty. Read it thoughtfully and decide whether plain faces, homely features, and rough, toil-worn hands can be beautiful.

Beautiful faces are those that wear,
It matters little if dark or fair,
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth fires glow
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true
Moment by moment the long day through.



Mabel Betsy Hill

Lost, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

JOAN OF ARC

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

Lorraine (lŏ′rān′)
Cathedral at Rheims (rēmz)
Orleans: Or lēnz′
witchcraft

WORDS TO LEARN

pious: showing faith in God.
welfare: happiness.
distress: pain or suffering of mind or body.
honorable (ŏn′erăb'l): noble.
besiege: to surround with an army.
armor (är′mẽr): a covering worn to protect a person in battle.
coronation: the act of crowning a king or a queen.
heroine (hĕr′ō ĭn): the principal girl or woman in a story, or one who shows great courage.

TO THE PUPIL

This story is about a peasant girl who heard voices and saw visions. Would Joan's life have been of service to her country if she had failed to heed the voices that called her?

I

The story of the French shepherdess, Joan of Arc, is one of the strangest and most beautiful in history. Her home was in a wild and woody country in Lorraine.

She was the daughter of a poor laboring man and had no education. But Joan lived in a world of visions. When she sat watching the flocks on the hillsides



she used to imagine that the trees, the flowers, and the grass were fairies and were alive and happy in a way of their own. She was full of poetry and imagination and besides this was a very good and pious girl.

As she grew up, she was distressed by the great trouble of the country. The French people were at war with the English and needed a leader. Their king had died and his son was a weak young man, more fond of pleasure than of the welfare of his people.

Joan prayed earnestly for help to save her country. Her whole heart was filled with sorrow and pity for the great distress she saw all around her. When she prayed she seemed to see bright lights and to hear strange voices, which no one else could see, nor hear. Then a figure would come out of the bright light and speak to her. This figure told her that it was she who was to help the king of France.

At first Joan was frightened and did not understand. But as time went on she saw more visions and heard more voices bidding her rise and rescue her country. Then she felt that she must go. Her father and mother tried to prevent

her going, but her uncle believed that she was right, and took her to the governor. Joan was so gentle and modest, yet so firm in declaring that God had spoken to her in her visions, that at last the people believed her and she was taken to the king.

The English had besieged the town of Orleans and the people in that city were in great distress. It was here that Joan wished to go.

II

At last she was allowed to do so. She clad herself in white armor and rode forth, as the voices had told her to do. She was mounted on a beautiful black horse and carried a sacred sword. Before her was borne a white banner upon which was a picture of God and two angels with the lilies of France in their hands.

The discouraged French soldiers were glad to welcome her. They all believed that the young girl had been sent by

God to save them. The English also believed this and were discouraged and drew back from the gates of the city. Joan of Arc passed in, bringing new courage to the French soldiers.

When Joan led her army against the besiegers the English were terrified and could not fight. In ten days all the English forts were in the hands of the French and the English retreated. Joan then went back to the king for she felt herself called to assist in his coronation. A great part of the country through which she had to pass was in the hands of the English. But the French soldiers had no fears now and wherever they went they were successful.

At last in the great cathedral of Rheims, Charles was crowned king of France. Beside him stood Joan of Arc with her sacred sword and white banner.

Joan wanted to go back to her own home and people, but the king thought

he might need her again and would not consent to her leaving. The people and the soldiers all loved Joan, but the king and his generals did not love her because they were jealous of her power over the poor people. The king was afraid that the people loved her more than they loved him.

In one battle with the English, when Joan went to the aid of the French, she was taken prisoner. The English feared her because she had been so successful on the battlefield. For this reason they wished to put her to death, but did not think that it would be honorable. So they got an enemy of hers to accuse her of witchcraft. For this she was tried by her own people. Neither the king nor his generals did anything to save the brave girl who had done so much for her country and her king. Instead, they allowed her enemies to condemn her and put her to death.

She died bravely as she had lived, declaring that the voices were true, and God had sent her to do the work she had done.

On the spot which marks her death there now stands a statue of this heroine mounted on her black horse and bearing her sword and banner.

THE POPLAR TREE

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

Iris, the rainbow messenger | Jupiter

WORDS TO LEARN

discover: find. | **knowledge:** learning; knowing facts.

TO THE PUPIL

This story is a myth and is intended to explain why a certain variety of poplar trees differs so much from the ordinary poplar.

As you read the story you will learn the name of the poplar and the change in the position of its branches. You might think of a better title than "The Poplar Tree" for this story.

People once believed that there was a pot of gold hidden at the end of the rainbow. They spent a great deal of time hunting for this gold, and one day an old man found it. It was growing dark, the gold was heavy, and the old man was very tired. So he said to himself, "I will hide the gold and come back for it in the morning." He looked

about for a safe hiding place. At last he decided upon a poplar tree whose leaves were thick and whose branches were long and growing straight out from the trunk.

"The leaves are so thick that no one will discover the gold," said the man. So he climbed up the tree and placed the pot near the middle. Then he went home to rest until morning.

Iris, the rainbow messenger, soon missed the precious pot of gold, and hastened to Jupiter, the king, to tell him of the loss.

Jupiter immediately began a search and soon traced the gold to the forest where the poplar tree stood. He asked the trees if they knew anything of the gold. They all denied any knowledge of it except the poplar tree, who was half asleep and only murmured a reply. Jupiter then said, "Hold up your branches high over your head, poplar tree, so that I shall know

that you are not asleep, and that you understand me."

The poplar tree obeyed at once, and down fell the pot of gold to the ground. The poplar tree was surprised and ashamed.

To show their king how sorry they are, poplar trees, even to this day, hold their branches up in the air, pointing to the sky, as if to say, "We will hide nothing from you, Jupiter our king."

THE GOOD LITTLE CRANES WHO WERE BAD

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

well brought up
stickleback
crane
fish hawk
great horned owl
bat
minnow (mĭn′ō)
gull
kingfisher
screech owl

WORDS TO LEARN

decidedly: positively.
exclaim: to cry out.
remarkable: unusual; uncommon; worthy of notice.
contradict: to deny; to state the opposite.

TO THE PUPIL

Have you ever heard people talking over their plans for a new house? If you have you will recall the many advisers who have a plan better than any other. Have you listened to comments made by one neighbor about another? As you read about the cranes you will remember this.

You will enjoy the planning, the advising, the crane gossip, the crane pride, and the crane children. The cranes seem like real folks.

I

When the Sand-Hill Cranes were married, they began to work for a home of

their own. To be sure, they had chosen a place for it beforehand, yet there were other things to think about, and some of their friends told them it would be very foolish to build on the ground. "There are so many accidents to ground nests," these friends said. "There are Snakes, you know, and Rats, and a great many other people whom you would not want to have look in on your children. Besides, something might fall on it."

The young couple talked this all over and decided to build in a tree. "We are not afraid of Snakes and Rats," they said, "but we would fear something falling on the nest." They were talking to quite an old Crane when they said this.

"Do you mean to build in a tree?" said he. "My dear young friends, don't do that. Just think, a high wind might blow the nest down and spoil everything. Do whatever you wish, but don't build in a tree." Then he flew away.

"Dear me!" exclaimed young Mrs. Crane, "one tells me to do this and never to do that. Another tells me to do that and never to do this. I shall just please myself since I cannot please my friends."

"And which place do you choose?" asked her husband, who always liked whatever she did.

"I shall build on the ground," she said decidedly. "If the tree falls, it may hit the nest and it may not, but if we build in the tree and it falls, we are sure to hit the ground."

"How wise you are!" exclaimed her husband. "I believe people get in a way of building just so, and come to think that no other way can be right." Which shows that Mr. Sand-Hill Crane was also wise.

Both worked on the nest, bringing roots and dried grasses with which to build it up. Sometimes they went to dance with their friends, and when they did

they bowed most of the time to each other. They did not really care very much about going, because they were so interested in the nest. This they had to build quite high from the ground, on account of their long legs. "If I were a Duck," said Mrs. Sand-Hill Crane, "it would be very well for me to sit on the nest, but with my legs! Never! I would as soon sit on two bare branches as to have them doubled under me." So she tried the nest until it was just as high as her legs were long.

When it was high enough, she laid in it two gray eggs with brown spots. After that she did no more dancing, but stood with a leg on either side of the nest, and her soft body just over the eggs to keep them warm. It was very tiresome work, and sometimes Mr. Crane covered the eggs while she went fishing. The Cranes are always very kind to their wives.

This, you know, was the first time that either had had a nest, and it was all new and wonderful to them. They thought that there never had been such a beautiful home. They often stood on the ground beside it, and poked it this way and that way with their bills, and said to each other, "Just look at this fine root that I wove in," or "Have you noticed how well that tuft of dried grass looks where I put it?" As it came near the time for their eggs to hatch, they could hardly bear to be away long enough to find food.

One day young Mr. Sand-Hill Crane came home much excited. "Our neighbors, the Cranes who live across the pond," said he, "had two children hatched this morning."

"Oh, how glad I am!" cried his wife. "How glad I am! Those eggs were laid just before ours, which must hatch very soon now."

"That is what I thought," said he. "I feel so sorry for them, though, for I saw their children, and they are dreadfully homely,—not at all like their parents, who are quite good-looking."

"I must see them myself," said his wife, "and if you will cover the eggs while I go for food, I will just peep in on them. I will hurry back." She flew steadily across the pond, which was not very wide, and asked to see the babies. She had never seen any Crane children, you know, since she herself was little. She thought them very ugly to look at, and wondered how their mother could seem bright and cheerful with two such disappointing children. She said all the polite things that she honestly could, then got something to eat, and flew home. "They are very, very homely," she said to her husband, "and I think it queer. All their older children are good-looking."

II

She had hardly said this when she heard a faint tapping sound in the nest. She looked, and there was the tip of a tiny beak showing through the shell of one egg. She stood on one side of the nest, watching, and her husband stood on the other while their oldest child slowly made his way out. They dared not help for fear of hurting him, and besides, all the other Cranes had told them that they must not.

"Oh, look!" cried the young mother. "What a dear little bill!"

"Ah!" said the young father. "Did you ever see such a neck?"

"Look at those legs," cried she. "What a beautiful child he is!"

"He looks just like you," said the father, "and I am glad of it."

"Ah, no," said she. "He is exactly like you." And she began to clear away the broken egg-shell.

Soon the other Crane baby poked her bill out, and again the young parents stood around and admired their child. They could not decide which was the handsomer, but they were sure that both were remarkable babies. They felt more sorry than ever for their neighbors across the pond, who had such homely children. They took turns in covering their own damp little Cranes, and were very, very happy.

Before this, it had been easy to get what food they wanted, for there had been two to work for two. Now there were two to work for four, and that made it much harder. There was no time for dancing, and both father and mother worked steadily, yet they were happier than ever, and neither would have gone back to the careless old days for all the food in the pond or all the dances on the beach.

The little Cranes grew finely. They

changed their down for pin-feathers, and then these grew into fine brownish gray feathers, like those which their parents wore. They were good children, too, and very well brought up. They ate whatever food was given to them, and never found fault with it. When they left the nest for the first time, they fluttered and tumbled and had trouble in learning to walk. A Mud Turtle Father who was near, told them that this was because their legs were too long and too few.

"Well," said the brother, as he picked himself up and tried to stand on one leg while he drew the other foot out of the tangled grass, "they may be too long, but I'm sure there are enough of them. When I'm thinking about one, I never can tell what the other will do."

Still, it was not long before they could walk and wade and even fly. Then they met the other pond people, and learned

to tell a Stickleback from a Minnow. They did not have many playmates. The saucy little Kingfishers sat on branches over their heads, the Wild Ducks waddled or swam under their very bills, the Fish Hawks floated in air above them, and the Gulls screamed hoarsely to them as they circled over the pond, yet none of them were long-legged and stately. The things that the other birds enjoyed most, they could not do, and sometimes they did not like it very well. One night they were talking about the Gulls, when they should have been asleep, and their father told them to tuck their heads right under their wings and not let him hear another word from them. They did tuck their heads under their wings, but they peeped out between the feathers, and when they were sure their father and mother were asleep, they walked softly away and planned to do something naughty.

III

"I'm tired of being good," said the brother. "The Gulls never are good. They scream, and snatch, and contradict, and have lots of fun. Let's be bad just for fun."

"All right," said his sister. "What shall we do?"

"That's the trouble," said he. "I can't think of anything naughty that I really care for."

Each stood on one leg and thought for a while. "We might run away," said she.

"Where would we go?" asked he.

"We might go to the meadow," said she. So they started off in the moonlight and went to the meadow, but all the people there were asleep, except the Tree Frog, and he scrambled out of the way as soon as he saw them coming, because he thought they might want a late supper.

"This isn't any fun!" said the brother. "Let's go to the forest."

They went to the forest, and saw the Bats flitting in and out among the trees,



and the Bats flew close to the Cranes and scared them. The Great Horned Owl stood on a branch near them, and stared at them with his big round eyes, and said, "Who? Who? Waugh-ho-oo!" Then the brother and sister stood closer together

and answered, "If you please, sir, we are the Crane children."

But the Great Horned Owl kept on staring at them and saying "Who? Who? Waugh-ho-oo!" until they were sure he was deaf, and answered louder and louder still.

The Screech Owls came also, and looked at them, and bent their bodies over as if they were laughing, and nodded their heads, and shook themselves. Then the Crane children were sure that they were being made fun of, so they stalked away very stiffly, and when they were out of sight of the Owls, they flew over toward the farmhouse. They were not having any fun at all yet, but they meant to keep on trying, for what was the good of being naughty if they didn't.

They passed Horses and Cows asleep in the fields, and saw the Brown Hog lying in the pen with a great many little Brown Pigs and one White Pig sleeping

beside her. Nobody was awake except Collie, the Shepherd Dog, who was sitting in the farmyard with his nose in the air, barking at the moon.

"Go away!" he said to the Crane children, who were walking around the yard. "Go away! I must bark at the moon, and I don't want anybody around." They did not start quite soon enough to please him, so he dashed at them, and ran around them and barked at them, instead of at the moon, until they were glad enough to fly straight home to the place where their father and mother were sleeping with their heads under their wings.

"Are you going to tell them?" asked the brother.

"I don't know," answered the sister. When morning came, they looked tired, and their father and mother seemed so worried about them that they told the whole story.

"We didn't care so very much about what we did," they said, "but we thought it would be fun to be naughty."

The father and mother looked at each other in a very knowing way. "A great many people think that," said the mother gently. "They are mistaken after all. It is really more fun to be good."

"Well, I wish the Gulls wouldn't scream 'Goody-goody' at us," said the brother.

"What difference does that make?" asked his father. "Why should a Crane care what a Gull says?"

"Why, I—I don't know," stammered the brother. "I guess it doesn't make any difference after all."

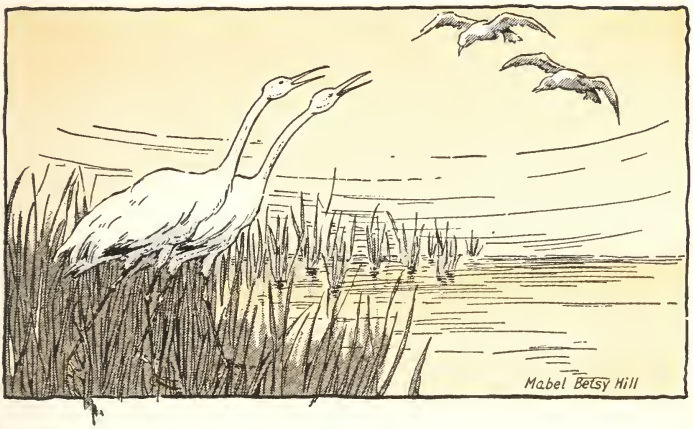
The next day when the Crane children were standing in the edge of the pond, a pair of young Gulls flew down near them and screamed out, "Goody-goody!"

Then the Crane brother and sister lifted their heads and necks and opened their

long bills, and trumpeted back, "Baddy-baddy!"

"There!" they said to each other, "Now we are even."

Clara D. Pierson.



KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

Middle Ages
magic power
knighthood
knightly deeds

WORDS TO LEARN

turret: a small tower on a building or a tower on a war ship.

magician (mȧ-jĭsh′ăn): one who is supposed to do wonderful things impossible for an ordinary person.

sturdy: strong.

moat: a deep ditch around a castle or a fortress, usually containing water.

expedition: a march; a voyage; an undertaking by an army or group of people.

achieve (ȧ-chēv′): to get by effort; to win.

assemble: to meet or come together.

loyalty: faithfulness to duty, to friends, to a promise, to one's country.

TO THE PUPIL

Beautiful stories have been told about the famous knights of the Middle Ages. In those days many years of a boy's life were spent in preparation for knighthood. He was trained in truth, purity, obedience, loyalty and bravery. Perhaps the hardest lesson a boy had to learn was to perform, cheerfully and without complaint, a lowly duty when he desired a greater task.

Read the story and see if Sir Roland had learned the hardest lesson of all.

I

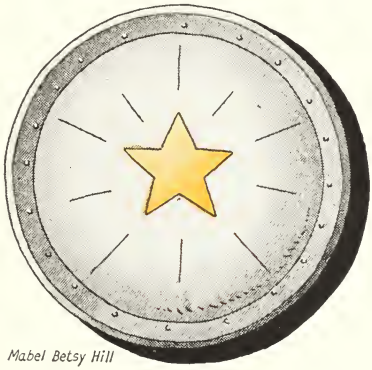
There was once a splendid castle in a forest, with great stone walls and a high gateway, and turrets that rose way above the tallest trees. The forest was dark and dangerous, and many cruel giants lived in it, but in the castle was a company of knights, who were kept there by the king of the country, to help travelers who might be in the forest, and to fight with the giants whenever they could.

Each of these knights wore a beautiful suit of armor and carried a long spear, while over his helmet there floated a great red plume that could be seen a long way off by any one in distress. But the most wonderful thing about the knights' armor was their shields. They were not like those of other knights, but had been made by a great magician who had lived in the castle many years before. They were made of silver, and sometimes shone

in the sunlight with dazzling brightness, but at other times the surface of the shields would be clouded as though by a mist, and one could not see his face reflected there as he could when they shone brightly.

Now, when each young knight received his spurs and his armor, a new shield was also given him from among those that the magician had made, and when the shield was new its surface was always cloudy and dull. But as the knight began to do service against the giants, or went on expeditions to help poor travelers in the forest, his shield grew brighter and brighter, so that he could see his face clearly reflected in it. But if he proved to be a lazy or cowardly knight, and let the giants get the better of him, or did not care what became of the travelers, then the shield grew more and more cloudy, until the knight became ashamed to carry it.

But this was not all. When any one of the knights fought a particularly hard battle, and won the victory, or when he went on some difficult errand for the lord of the castle, and was successful, not only did his silver shield grow brighter, but when one looked into the center of



Mabel Betsy Hill

it he could see something like a golden star shining in its very heart. This was the greatest honor that a knight could achieve, and the other knights always spoke of such a one as having "won his star." It was usually not till he was old and tried as a soldier that he could win it. At the time when this

story begins, the lord of the castle himself was the only one of the knights whose shield bore the golden star.

II

There came a time when the worst of the giants in the forest gathered themselves together to have a battle against the knights. They made a camp in a dark hollow not far from the castle, and gathered all their best warriors together, and all the knights made ready to fight them. The windows of the castle were closed and barred, the air was full of the noise of armor being made ready for use, and the knights were so excited that they could scarcely rest or eat.

Now there was a young knight in the castle, named Sir Roland, who was among those most eager for the battle. He was a splendid warrior, with eyes that shone like stars whenever there was anything to do in the way of knightly deeds. And

although he was still quite young, his shield had begun to shine enough to show plainly that he had done bravely in some of his errands through the forest.

This battle, he thought, would be the great opportunity of his life. And on the morning of the day when they were to go forth to it, and all the knights assembled in the great hall of the castle to receive the commands of their leaders, Sir Roland hoped that he would be put in the most dangerous place of all, so that he could show what knightly stuff he was made of.

But when the lord of the castle came to him, as he went about in full armor giving his commands, he said, "One brave knight must stay behind and guard the gateway of the castle, and it is you, Sir Roland, being one of the youngest, whom I have chosen for this duty."

At these words Sir Roland was so disappointed that he bit his lip, and

closed his helmet over his face so that the other knights might not see it. For a moment he felt as if he must reply angrily to the commander, and tell him that it was not right to leave so sturdy a knight behind, when he was eager to fight. But he struggled against this feeling, and went quietly to look after his duties at the gate.

The gateway was high and narrow, and was reached from the outside by a high, narrow bridge that crosssed the moat, which surrounded the castle on every side. When an enemy approached, the knight on guard rang a great bell just inside the gate, and the bridge was drawn up against the castle wall, so that no one could come across the moat. So the giants had long ago given up trying to attack the castle itself.

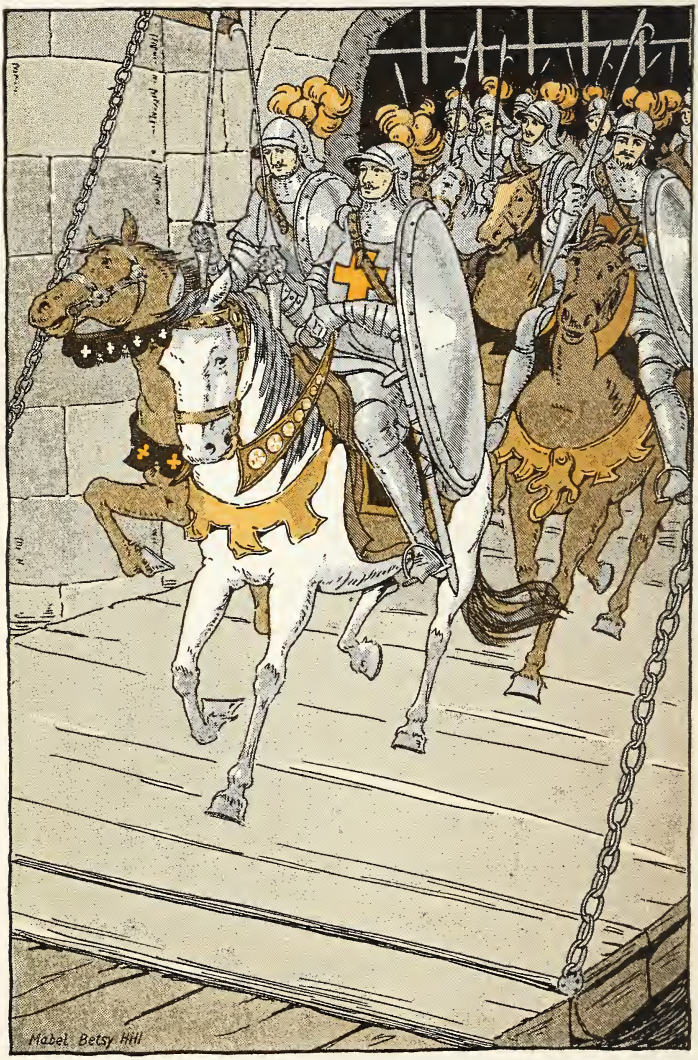
To-day the battle was to be in the dark hollow in the forest, and it was not likely that there would be anything

to do at the castle gate, except to watch it like a common doorkeeper. It was not strange that Sir Roland thought some one else might have done this.

Presently all the other knights marched out in their flashing armor, their red plumes waving over their heads, and their spears in their hands. The lord of the castle stopped only to tell Sir Roland to keep guard over the gate until they had all returned, and to let no one enter. Then they went into the shadows of the forest, and were soon lost to sight.

III

Sir Roland stood looking after them long after they had gone, thinking how happy he would be if he were on the way to battle with them. But after a little while he put this out of his mind, and tried to think of pleasanter things. It was a long time before anything happened, or any word came from the battle.


Mabel Betsy Hill

At last Sir Roland saw one of the knights come limping down the path to the castle, and he went out on the bridge to meet him. Now this knight was not a brave one, and he had been frightened away as soon as he was wounded.

"I have been hurt," he said, "so that I can not fight any more. But I could watch the gate for you, if you would like to go back in my place."

At first Sir Roland's heart leaped with joy at this, but then he remembered what the commander had told him on going away, and he said, "I should like to go, but a knight belongs where his commander has put him. My place is here at the gate, and I can not open it even for you. Your place is at the battle."

The knight was ashamed when he heard this, and he presently turned about and went into the forest again.

So Sir Roland kept guard silently for

another hour. Then there came an old beggar woman down the path to the castle, and asked Sir Roland if she might come in and have some food. He told her that no one could enter the castle that day, but that he would send a servant out to her with food, and that she might sit and rest as long as she wished.

"I have been past the hollow in the forest where the battle is going on," said the old woman, while she was waiting for her food.

"And how do you think it is going?" asked Sir Roland.

"Badly for the knights, I am afraid," said the old woman. "The giants are fighting as they have never fought before. I should think you had better go and help your friends."

"I should like to, indeed," said Sir Roland. "But I am left to guard the gateway of the castle, and cannot go."

"One fresh knight would make a great difference when they are all weary with fighting," said the old woman. "I should think that, while there are no enemies about, you would be more useful there."

"You may well think so," said Sir Roland, "and so may I, but it is neither you nor I that is commander here."

"I suppose," said the old woman then, "that you are a knight who likes to keep out of fighting. You are lucky to have so good an excuse for staying at home." And she laughed a thin and taunting laugh.

Then Sir Roland was very angry, and thought that if it were only a man instead of a woman, he would show that he liked fighting. But as it was a woman, he shut his lips and set his teeth hard together, and as the servant came just then with the food he had sent for, he gave it to the old woman quickly, and shut the gate that she might not talk to him.

IV

It was not very long before he heard some one calling outside. Sir Roland opened the gate, and saw standing at the other end of the drawbridge a little old man in a long black cloak. "Why are you knocking here?" he said. "The castle is closed to-day."

"Are you Sir Roland?" said the little old man.

"Yes," said Sir Roland.

"Then you ought not to be staying here when your commander and his knights are having so hard a struggle with the giants, and when you have the chance to make of yourself the greatest knight in this kingdom. Listen to me! I have brought you a magic sword."

As he said this, the old man drew from under his coat a wonderful sword that flashed in the sunlight as if it were covered with diamonds. "This is the sword of all swords," he said, "and it

is for you, if you will leave your idling here by the castle gate, and carry it to the battle. Nothing can stand before it. When you lift it the giants will fall



back, your master will be saved, and you will be crowned the victorious knight, the one who will soon take his commander's place as lord of the castle."

Now Sir Roland believed that it was a magician who was speaking to him,

for it certainly appeared to be a magic sword. It seemed so wonderful that the sword should be brought to him, that he reached out his hand as though he would take it, and the little old man came forward, as though he would cross the drawbridge into the castle. But as he did so, it came to Sir Roland's mind again that that bridge and the gateway had been intrusted to him, and he called out, "No!" so loudly that the old man stopped where he was standing. But he waved the shining sword in the air again, and said, "It is for you! Take it, and win the victory!"

Sir Roland was really afraid that if he looked any longer at the sword, or listened to any more words of the old man, he would not be able to hold himself within the castle. For this reason he struck the great bell at the gateway, which was the signal for the servants inside to pull in the chains of the draw-

bridge, and instantly they began to pull and the drawbridge came up, so that the old man could not cross it to enter the castle, nor Sir Roland to go out.

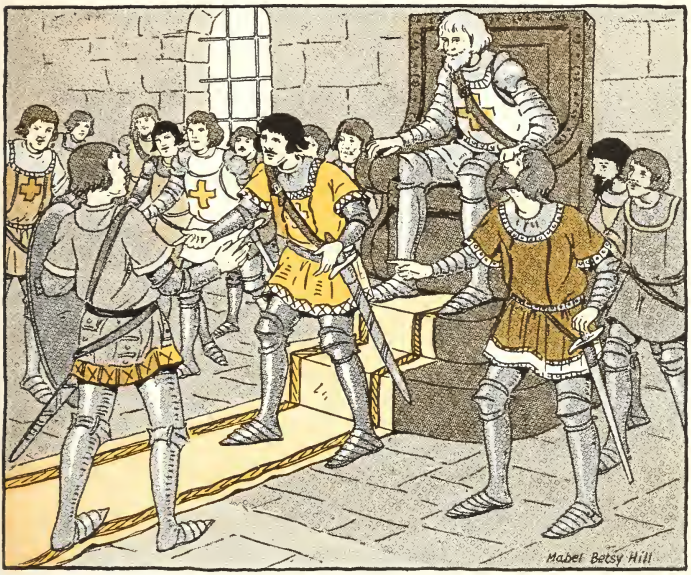
Then, as he looked across the moat, Sir Roland saw a wonderful thing. The little old man threw off his black cloak, and as he did so he began to grow bigger and bigger, until in a minute more he was a giant as tall as any in the forest. At first Sir Roland could scarcely believe his eyes. Then he realized that this must be one of their giant enemies, who had changed himself to a little old man through some magic power, that he might make his way into the castle while all the knights were away. Sir Roland shuddered to think what might have happened if he had taken the sword and left the gate unguarded. The giant shook his fist across the moat that lay between them, and then, knowing that he could do nothing more, went angrily back into the forest.

V

Sir Roland now resolved not to open the gate again, and to pay no attention to any other visitor. But it was not long before he heard a sound that made him spring forward with joy. It was the bugle of the lord of the castle, and there came sounding after it the bugles of many of the knights that were with him, pealing so joyfully that Sir Roland was sure they were safe and happy. As they came nearer, he could hear their shouts of victory. So he gave the signal to let down the drawbridge again, and went out to meet them. They were dusty, and bloodstained, and weary, but they had won the battle with the giants, and it had been such a great victory that there had never been a happier home-coming.

Sir Roland greeted them all as they passed over the bridge, and then, when he had closed the gate and fastened it, he followed them into the great hall of

the castle. The lord of the castle took his place on the highest seat, with the other knights about him, and Sir Roland came forward with the key of the gate,



to give an account of what he had done in the place to which the commander had appointed him. The lord of the castle bowed to him as a sign for him to begin, but just as he opened his mouth to speak, one of the knights cried out:

"The shield! the shield! Sir Roland's shield!"

Everyone turned and looked at the shield which Sir Roland carried on his left arm. He himself could see only the top of it, and did not know what they could mean. But what they saw was a golden star of knighthood, shining brightly from the center of Sir Roland's shield. There had never been such amazement in the castle before.

Sir Roland knelt before the lord of the castle to receive his commands. He still did not know why every one was looking at him so excitedly, and wondered if he had in some way done wrong.

"Speak, Sir Knight," said the commander, as soon as he could find his voice after his surprise, "and tell us all that has happened to-day at the castle. Have you been attacked? Have any giants come hither? Did you fight them alone?"

"No, my Lord," said Sir Roland. "Only one giant has been here, and he went away silently when he found he could not enter."

Then he told all that had happened through the day.

When he had finished, the knights all looked at one another, but no one spoke a word. Then they looked again at Sir Roland's shield, to make sure that their eyes had not deceived them, and there the golden star was still shining.

After a little silence the lord of the castle spoke.

"Men make mistakes," he said, "but our silver shields are never mistaken. Sir Roland has fought and won the hardest battle of all to-day."

Then the others all rose and saluted Sir Roland, who was the youngest knight that ever carried the golden star.

Raymond M. Alden.

FLASH

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

supporting forces
No Man's Land
lines of communication
Argonne (är'gŏn) Forest

WORDS TO LEARN

mascot: a person, animal or thing supposed to bring good luck.
collie: a Scotch sheep dog with a shaggy coat.
hysterical: nervous.
trench: a long narrow ditch in the earth.
traverse: to cross or pass over.
regiment: a body of soldiers commanded by a colonel.

TO THE PUPIL

Many stories have been written about the service rendered by dogs during the Great War. The writer has named one of them Flash, and tells you of this dog's fidelity and courage. You will be pleased to know that Flash is somewhere in America and probably wears a medal for distinguished service.

If you love dogs, you will love him, because he was faithful to his friends. You will be sorry for Flash as he goes on his dangerous errand, but you will be glad that he obeyed orders and did not flinch.

The American soldiers in France had many pets, or mascots. In many instances

these mascots were stray dogs who had become attached to the soldiers and followed them from place to place. Interesting stories are told of these faithful dogs, but the most thrilling one is the story of the young collie, Flash, who was the pride of the regiment.

It was during the terrible fight in the Argonne Forest that the regiment was cut off from its supporting forces. All lines of communication had been destroyed. It was impossible to telephone for help to the supporting column about two miles away over the top of a low ridge. On every side the regiment was surrounded by German foes. It would not be possible to hold out much longer, and unless relief came the regiment was doomed. No human being could hope to cross that portion of No Man's Land that lay between the regiment and its relief without being riddled with bullets or destroyed by shell fire.

At last some one suggested that Flash be sent out with a message. So a despatch that told of the regiment's danger was written and tied around the neck of the dog. The way was pointed out to him, and he was then lifted over the top of the trench and told to "Go!" True to his name he went like a flash. He seemed a streak of white and golden light as he swept away towards the distant ridge, running as gaily and as gracefully, as if at play, instead of facing death.

At the sight of him the enemy sharpshooters all along the line began to blaze away, but Flash seemed unharmed as he sped along, close to the earth, clearing shell holes, leaping over groups of dead, and running straight as an arrow flies toward the ridge where lay the supporting columns. Everywhere the bullets were spatting the earth, over him, before him and behind him, as Flash

raced with death to get aid for his friends. When he was within a few hundred yards of the ridge a cry of disappointment went up from the watching, anxious regiment. Flash had leaped high in the air and had come to the ground in a huddled heap.

But soon the men burst into a hysterical cheer. Flash was up again and on his way! Staggering, sprawling, stumbling as animals do when they are wounded, Flash kept on his journey. The enemy sharpshooters continued to pour their deluge of bullets over the ground traversed by the faithful dog. On he went, straight toward his friends with all the speed that his mighty will power could give to his wounded body.

Just as Flash came to the top of the ridge several bullets must have struck him for he collapsed and lay motionless.

Then once more he moved, and the watching regiment could see him outlined

against the skyline. He was crawling along on his forelegs and dragging his helpless body after him.

And over the ridge he dragged his way to the general of the supporting forces. The general looked into the beautiful, brown eyes of Flash, and said, "Good boy!"

Flash licked the general's hand. Then he sank to the ground and rested his muzzle on his paws.

Herman Dressel.



Mabel Betsy Hill

COSTLY CURIOSITY

WORDS TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

Switzerland | peasant (pĕz′ănt)

WORDS TO LEARN

curiosity (kū rĭ-ŏs′ĭ-tĭ): desire to learn what does not concern one.

TO THE PUPIL

You will be interested in the little people spoken of in the story, but you may not understand about the oven. Would you think that fairies would be sensitive? Did they show themselves friendly and good natured?

One night, a great many years ago, there came to the door of a peasant in Switzerland, a troop of little people not more than six inches high. They all wore long cloaks that reached to the ground. They asked the peasant if they might not stay over night, and sleep on top of the oven. In those days there were no stoves, and an oven keeps warm long after the fire has gone out.

The peasant spoke to his wife, and then gave them permission to stay. The little troop came marching in and climbed to the top of the oven. In the morning before the peasants were out of bed, the little people went away.

But in the evening they came back and asked permission again to sleep on the oven. The next morning, as on the day before, they were gone before the peasant and his wife were up.

In this way they came and went all spring and summer. One night during hay-making time there was a heavy storm. The meadows were flooded with water, and the poor peasants feared that their crop of hay would be swept away. But to their surprise they found in the morning that the hay had all been carefully stored in the barn.

Other crops were taken care of in the same way. The peasants suffered no loss. The fairies were making a return for the

kindness that had been shown to them. But the man and his wife were curious to know what kind of feet these little people had. They could not see them, for they were hidden by their long cloaks.

One evening the husband scattered some ashes on the doorstep, so as to see the footprints. After the little troop had passed in, the peasants got a light, and looking closely at the marks, they saw that the fairies had feet like ducks' feet.

The little people left very early the next morning, and never returned. Thus by their idle curiosity, the peasants lost the help and care of the fairies.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

moral courage

"Glad in the freedom of school let out."

WORDS TO LEARN

comrade (kŏm′răd): an intimate friend; a companion.

throng: a crowd; great numbers.

TO THE PUPIL

You have heard of moral courage, but perhaps you do not exactly understand what is meant by it. This poem may help you. Try to imagine the scene and what was said when the boy went back to his comrades.

Decide for yourself whether his answer to them is the kind a boy ought to give.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school "let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.


DRY GOODS
Mabel Betsy Hill

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

EXMOOR STAR

Early Remembrances of a Pony

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

"handsome is that handsome does."

Bristol Channel.

WORDS TO LEARN

remembrance: recollection: recalling or keeping in mind.
guidance (gīd'ăns): direction, leading.
precipitous: steep.
industrious: hard-working
foal: a young horse; a colt.
boggy: full of wet, muddy places.
adventure: a bold undertaking.
cree: a gully full of rocks and loose stones.
moorland: in England wasteland covered with bushes.
heather: a small evergreen plant, often with rose colored flowers.
bracken: large ferns.
dappled: spotted.
persist: to keep on.
reluctant: unwilling.

TO THE PUPIL

In this story a pony tells you all about his mother, his father and himself. What a good time they must have had! Think about the stories the mother tells her baby pony. Picture to yourself the country where the pony grew up. How the pony must have enjoyed the racing, playing and frisking under the guidance of the best of teachers, his mother.

I

A shaggy, curly, woolly coat of sober brown, a long shaggy mane that hid my face, a long shaggy tail that swept the ground; that is what I looked like, I suppose, when a baby. I was an Exmoor pony, and most Exmoor ponies that I have seen looked like that.

But I was by no means an ordinary pony. The dark stripe down my back showed that I had good blood in my veins. There was not a speck of white upon my feet or on my legs; there was not a speck of white on my broad forehead; my ears were small and tapering, and my shoulder had an aristocratic slope; my feet were small and pointed. Mother said that I was a pony of which any parent might be proud.

Though she praised my good looks, she never failed to remind me that "Beauty is only skin deep;" that "Handsome is that handsome does;" and that a truly

beautiful pony is one that is obedient, good tempered, willing and industrious.

I was a frisky little fellow, but I was anxious to please my dear mother and when she talked I would answer her with a soft whinny and kiss her, and rub my nose against her velvety skin. When I was in a fairly sober mood I would resolve to do my best to follow her advice.

She was proud of me, and I was equally proud of Mother. Many and many a time, when I was older, I heard my father say that she was the finest mare in the Wilverton Stables.

We,—that is, Father, Mother and I,—belonged to Mr. Day, of Wilverton, near Exeter, and it was at Wilverton that I was born. But in the spring, summer, and autumn, I ran wild by my mother's side on Exmoor because of the splendid air, and my earliest recollections are of the moor itself. There were about twenty

ponies with their mothers, and as we all kept together it was like a big nursery.

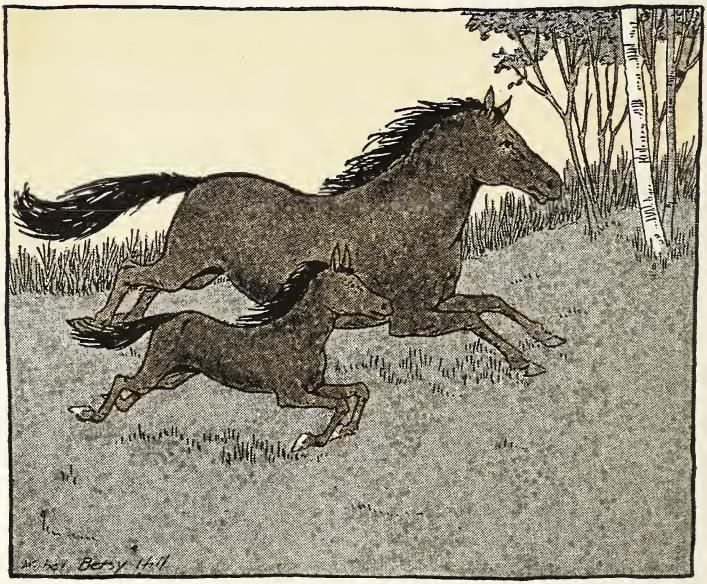
Perhaps you think that we were lazy all day long, and had nothing to do but eat and sleep. Not a bit of it! We had our daily schooling, but each mother had her own ideas of teaching her child.

My mother would say to me, "Attend to Mother, sweetheart, and try to do as I do. Now then—one, two, three, four—lift your foot so, and point your hoofs so, and don't forget to arch your neck." Then I tried to copy her.

"That is right," perhaps she would say, "but you are not arching your neck. Ah! that is better. Now then, attend again! One, two, three, four!"

I attended as long as I could and then I frisked, and mother could not help smiling. She knew well enough that a young foal cannot be quiet for long and she knew well enough that I did not mean to be naughty. She

would say, "Now we will have a change. Come along, sweetheart, we will race down this cree and up the other side, and see which will get there first. My



legs are stronger than yours, so you shall start from yonder stone, and I will start from this to make it fair. I shall count three, and then at the word "off"—off we go. Are you ready? Yes? "One, two, three—off!"

Down we galloped pell-mell, helter-skelter, faster than the wind, scattering the stones right and left. Down the cree, and up the other side, and both reached the top together. "Well done, sweetheart!" said Mother, "you will soon be able to run as fast as I!" When Mother praised me like that I tossed my head and mane and cried, "Hurrah!" Such races were the jolliest fun imaginable.

As we ponies grew older and stronger we often had racing matches together. Sometimes we galloped full speed around the foot of old Dunkery Beacon, the highest of the Exmoor Hills. Often on our rambles we came upon the pretty red deer, whinnied, "How d'ye do," and were off again like a shot. Often we saw the wild sheep with their curved horns—the sheep were famous climbers—and said, "How d'ye do," to them. Often, however, there was nothing to see but the wide moorland covered with heather and

bracken, blackberry bushes and yellow roses.

II

Once I had a great adventure! It was August, and one morning I was out by myself when I heard in the distance the baying of hounds. I knew that dogs and men ran after the deer, because Mother had told me so, but I had never seen a hunt.

Soon my sharp ears caught the patter of hoofs, and there came by a beautiful dappled mother deer or hind, and a little fawn scampered by her side. The fawn was tired and could not keep up with its mother's long strides. The mother deer looked round, scented the dogs, and knew that she was being overtaken. She said quickly to her child, "Stay here, my darling, till Mother comes back."

Then butting her little one with her

head, she tossed it into a thicket of tall bracken, where it was completely hidden. Having done this she set off running as fast as she could, at right angles to the course she had been following. By and by, the dogs came along, sniffing as they went, and when they came to where the mother deer had stopped, they turned off at right angles, and never noticed the little fawn.

Behind the dogs came the hunters in their scarlet coats, but I did not wait any longer. I hurried back to Mother and told her my adventure; "Mother," I said, "will the deer find her child when she comes back?"

"Oh, yes," said Mother, "she is sure to do that."

"If the mother forgets where she hid her child, what would happen?" I asked.

Mother smiled. "Trust a mother to find her child! Don't worry yourself about that!"

"But," I persisted, "a deer has to be very clever to escape, hasn't it?"

"Yes," replied Mother. "Sometimes, too, the chase is very exciting. A stag was once chased by the dogs from early morning till late in the afternoon, but he ran so fast, and dodged so cleverly, that they had not been able to overtake him. Poor fellow! His breath grew shorter and shorter, his legs trembled beneath him, his tongue was parched with thirst. He said to himself, 'I am so tired, I can run no farther. What shall I do?' "

"Then he remembered that in a stream close by there was a deep pool. 'It is my only chance,' he said, 'I will go there and hide, perhaps the dogs will not find me!' "

"He soon reached the pool and plunged into the water. Oh, how cool and refreshing it felt to his weary limbs! He was only just in time, for the dogs almost

immediately came up. They sniffed about with their noses to the ground, and barked to each other, 'He entered the water just here. We'll soon catch him!' But though they searched the stream and the banks, the stag was nowhere to be seen!"

"Oh, Mother!" I cried, trembling with excitement, "do you know where he was?"

"Yes, sweetheart. Where the pool was deepest an elder tree overhung the bank. There, under the shadow of the spreading branches, the stag was crouching. His legs, his body, and his head were under water; only the tip of his nose showed above the surface. He could breathe without being seen."

"Mother, what a clever stag! But, tell me quickly, did they find him?"

"No. Sometimes the dogs seemed to be close to him, and he lay trembling, fearing each moment that he would be discovered. He could hear the huntsmen

talking about him. They said, 'It is very remarkable. What can have become of the stag?' As they could not find him they went home."

"And then, Mother?"

"Then, when the stag thought it quite safe to leave his hiding place, he went home too. You can imagine how eagerly his wife and little ones listened to the story of his adventures, and how glad they were that he had returned to them safe and sound."

I was so pleased that I stamped my hoofs and kissed my mother to show my pleasure. "Hurrah! Well done, stag!" I said.

III

When I was older I made the acquaintance of a hunting horse, and from him I heard all about fox-hunting. I must not stop to tell you now, because I have more to say first with regard to Exmoor.

Exmoor is close to the Bristol Channel, and sometimes a mist blows in from the Atlantic and completely hides the land. When this happened we could not see a yard before us; we had to smell our way. Ugh! How cold it was! We often shivered in spite of our thick, shaggy coats, for there was little shelter to be found. The mist would frequently last day after day, only parting occasionally, to give us a brief glimpse of the distant hills.

At any time one needs to exercise a good deal of caution in crossing Exmoor, for the ground in parts is soft and boggy. Even in clear weather it is not always easy to see a bog, while a mist hides it completely. In point of danger, heavy and continuous rain is, perhaps, worse than the mist, because it makes the ground more spongy.

The worst bog in Exmoor is soft enough and deep enough to swallow a man on horseback! My companions and

I could patter over it easily, because here and there the ground was hard, and our mothers had taught us how to pick out the safe spots, but disastrous results are likely to attend any stranger who accidentally or recklessly attempts to cross that terrible place.

One day, after a fortnight of pouring rain, I chanced to be on this part of the moor when two horsemen came along. I heard one rider say to the other, "Hello! this looks like boggy ground, we had better be careful!"

Of course, when I heard him say that, I knew that the men were complete strangers to Exmoor, and I wanted to warn them. So I whinnied, and said as plainly as I could, "Stop, stop! Don't attempt to go there, it's dangerous!"

I suppose they did not understand me, for they paid no heed. The horse, however, understood, and was unwilling to go on, but his rider urged him forward, and

he reluctantly obeyed. "It is all right," said the man. "Follow me!"

Hardly had he said the words, when his horse began to flounder, then its forelegs sank into a deep hole, and the rider was shot head first into the bog. He struggled desperately, and so did the horse, and the horse screamed with fright.

The other man was so close behind him that the hoofs of his horse squelched and spattered water. By a tremendous effort he seized his friend just in the nick of time and pulled him back, while the horse, like a clever beast, lay on its back and rolled over and over until it reached firm ground. It was indeed a narrow escape!

IV

Besides showing us how to pick our way over boggy ground, our mothers taught us how to be sure-footed on slippery rocks and stones. We could not have had a better practicing ground than the

crees so common to the moorland. A cree is a precipitous gully full of shelving rocks and loose stones. Crees are fearsome places to look at, yet with constant practice, and under skilful guidance, we learned to race down them, and neither slipped nor stumbled.

Thus we were constantly learning, and our characters were being gradually formed. To be sure-footed and trustworthy is considered one of the best points of an Exmoor pony. Other good points are health, strength and endurance, and what could help to make us strong and sturdy, long-winded and enduring, better than our daily exercises, and our life in the pure bracing air of Exmoor. Of course lessons, however good the teacher, are not much use unless one minds the golden rule:

In learning, pay attention, do your best;
Put duty first, and you may leave the rest.
Work, ponies, work; then play, ponies, play,
That is the way to be happy and gay.

I cannot tell you what Exmoor is like in winter, for late in the autumn some men came and took mother and me and our friends down to the comfortable farm at Wilverton. There we had shelter from the bitter weather, and at night slept in a large warm room called a stable, which was divided into little private parlors or stalls. It was now that I tasted hay and oats for the first time.

At Wilverton I saw a great deal of my father, and from him I learned much. He knew the world, for he had traveled in foreign parts. He was an Arabian, and when he grew up, he crossed the wide ocean and came to Devonshire.

I was eager to know his history, so at the first opportunity I said, "Father, tell me everything about yourself and Arabia."

At this Father smiled, and then said—but that I will tell you in the next chapter.

My Father Tells of His Life in Arabia

WORDS TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

Arabia
desert
Yedda
Red Sea
Suez
Port Said
oasis (ō-ā′sĭs)
oases (ō-ā′sēz)
Mecca

WORDS TO LEARN

accomplishment: skill in something worth while.
admiration: wonder with pleasure and delight.
fatigue (fā-tēg′): weariness.
sheik: the head of an Arab family or tribe.
herb: a plant used for medicine.
hoist: to lift or raise.

TO THE PUPIL

In this chapter Exmoor Star's father tells about his home country, how he was cared for and his life with his master's family. He surprises Star with his accomplishments. You will be interested in the wonderful stories the father tells.

I

"So you wonder what Arabia is like, do you?" said my father. "Well, how can I best describe it? Let me think. You know that the sea below Exmoor flows in some places over yellow sands that are perfectly smooth and level?"

"Oh, yes, Father," I said; "is Arabia like that?"

"Yes, something like that. But perhaps you will have a better idea if you try to imagine what Exmoor would be like if it were all sand instead of grass, with no river or stream or pool to be seen, and maybe not a drop of water for miles and miles."

"No water!" I cried. "It must be a strange country."

"Yes, it consists mainly of deserts; only here and there, where there is a little water, there are a few green spots called oases. Arabia is much warmer than England. The sun shines all day long, and the sky is blue and without a cloud. The Arabs are brown in color and their eyes are black. They wear long flowing robes with a girdle around the waist; around their head they wear a long piece of cloth for a turban. In England people live in big houses, with many

doors and windows. The Arabs dwell in canvas tents, and sleep on the ground."

"It sounds very strange," I said; "but I am more interested in the ponies. Do they sleep on the ground, or in little boxes as we do here?"

"On the ground," said Father. "I belonged," he continued, "to a chief, or sheik, as he is called, named Nabee, and was treated just like one of the family, for the care the Arabs take of their horses is astonishing."

"How do you mean?" I said.

"Well," said my Father, "soon after I was born I was given two or three eggs to eat, and my hoofs were rubbed with salt and desert herbs in order to make them hard. My ears were tied together with string so that they might grow straight, and every day my mane and tail were carefully washed. When I was six months old I was given sometimes cow's milk, sometimes ewe's milk, and

sometimes camel's milk, so that my coat might become smooth and glossy. I lived in my master's tent with the family. The children and I were great friends. We played together, and they gave me cakes made of flour and milk and dates. They kissed and fondled me as the family pet, and I was as happy as the day was long. By and by my master tested me, to see if I was a well-formed horse."

"How did he do that, Father?"

"He made me stand upright on all four legs and drink from a stream that was on the same level as the ground."

"How could he tell from that, Father, that you were well-formed?" said I.

"I drank the water without bending my knees; for if I had been badly formed I should have bent my knees in drinking."

When I heard that, I could not help looking at my own legs, and Father laughed.

"I was wondering," I said, "if I could drink without bending my knees."

"I guessed as much," said my father. "I think you could, but you can easily try when an opportunity occurs!"

"Well, Father, please go on."

"I was taught," he continued, "to do many things that are necessary for a pony's education in Arabia. One of the first things I learned was to do this."

So saying, Father reared upright, and solemnly walked about on his hind legs, to my great astonishment and admiration.

"After I could do this well, I was taught this." So saying, he leaped into the air, all four feet leaving the ground at the same moment.

"When I did this easily," said he, "I had to jump with my master on my back. As I leaped, he threw his long gun into the air, and caught it again before my feet touched the ground."

"Wonderful!" I cried.

"And here was another thing I learned to do with my master on my back." And Father gradually bent his fore-legs until he knelt gracefully upon the ground.

I had no idea that my father was so accomplished, and felt very proud of him. "Does Mother know how clever you are?" I said.

At that he laughed. "I really don't know," he said.

II

Then he continued: "When I was two years old, my master put a bit into my mouth, and said to me, 'Now I am going to prove you, to see if you are a worthy son of a worthy father and grandfather; so mind you do your very best.'

"Then he sprang lightly upon my back, and away he went, like the wind. For several hours we kept on at top speed over the desert sands without once stopping. Suddenly a river appeared before

us. Still my master urged me forward, and so I plunged in. There was a very strong current, and it was very hard work to swim against it, but at length I managed to reach the other side of the river.

"There the sheik got off and made me take a long drink. Then he kissed, and stroked, and fondled me, and called me his 'treasure.' I had done well, so you may think I was very pleased."

"And after that, Father?" I said, eager to hear more.

"Some time after that I was taken to hunt the ostrich."

"Ostrich?" I asked. "Is that like a red deer?"

Father smiled. "No," he said, "an ostrich is a big bird."

"Bigger than an owl?" said I, for that was the largest bird I knew.

"Aye," said Father, "bigger than twenty owls rolled into one. Its legs are

uncommonly long, and it runs with great swiftness, using its wings as well as its legs. It is one of the birds that cannot fly."

"And did you catch him, Father?"

"Yes. When we first saw the ostrich it was on the sandy plain, but when it



saw us it scurried off at full speed towards the distant hills, hoping to escape. Fast as it ran, we were there first; so the ostrich turned and fled in another direction, until at length it was so tired that it could go no further, and was easily caught. My master was very pleased, for a horse must be exceedingly swift to run down an ostrich as I had done."

"Father," I said, "have you had any great adventures?" I was thinking of the two horsemen and the Exmoor bog, my own exciting adventure.

"Yes, I have had a great many in my time," said Father.

"What was the very greatest?" I asked eagerly.

My father considered, then he said: "I hardly know, but here is one. There was a man of another tribe of Arabs, and his name was Daher. He had heard a great deal about me, and was very anxious indeed to own me. He offered my master in exchange for me as many as twelve camels and two hundred and fifty sheep. Though this was a very tempting offer, my master would not part with me."

"I don't wonder at that!" said I. "But, Father, you spoke of sheep and camels. I know what sheep are, because I have seen them on Exmoor. What is a camel?"

"An animal," said Father, "with a hump on its back. It has a kind of deep pocket inside it, which will hold a great deal of water. When the camel is thirsty, it can draw out the water from the bag. For this reason, and because it can walk easily on sand with a heavy load on its back, and because it is very patient and enduring, the camel is of the very greatest use to the Arabs."

"I see," said I, "and then what happened, Father?"

"Well, when Daher found he could not get me by fair means, he determined to steal me. In order that he should not be known, he disguised himself. He made his face much darker by staining it with the juice of herbs; he tied up his legs, so that he might appear to be lame, and he dressed himself in rags like a beggar. Then he laid down by the side of the road where my master and I would pass, and waited. As soon as he saw us he

began to cry pitifully for help. My master felt so sorry that he told him to get up on the horse and he would then take him to his tent and feed and care for him. The pretended cripple said, 'I thank you with all my heart, but, alas, I can not get up without help.' "

"Then my master dismounted, and with a great deal of trouble, managed to hoist the man on my back. No sooner was he firmly seated than off he dashed, shouting to my master, 'I am Daher, and your horse is now mine!' "

" 'Stop! stop!' cried my master, 'and hear first what I have to say.' " So Daher stopped, " 'You now have my horse, but I beg of you not to let anyone know how you got him.' "

" 'And why should I not?' said Daher. 'Because,' replied my master, 'some other person really poor and afflicted might be left without any help. If you tell the

tale, then no one will do a single act of kindness for fear of being cheated like me.' Upon hearing these words, Daher was filled with shame. 'I see now that I have done a very wrong thing, and I am sorry for it.' So saying, he got off my back, and led me to my master."

"How glad I am, Father," said I, "that all turned out well in the end. But do go on and tell me more."

III

Father considered; "Well," he said, "here is another adventure which shows how much an Arab thinks of the color of his horse, and of how his horse is fed. I was once far away from home with my master and his three sons, who were fighting against another tribe. It chanced that a large number of the enemy came upon us unawares, and we had to flee for our lives. I carried the master. The country in which we were

was hilly, and so we kept as much as possible in the shade."

"By and by the sheik called to his eldest son, 'Look behind you, and tell me what horses you see in the front of the enemy.' So his son looked, and replied 'White horses.' "

" 'That is well,' said his father, 'Let us make for the sunny side, and they will soon be exhausted.' He knew that white horses easily tire if exposed to great heat. After we had gone some distance further, the sheik called to his second son, 'Look over your shoulder, and tell me what horses you see in the front of the enemy.' The second son looked and replied, 'Black horses.' "

" 'That is right,' said his father. 'Let us make for yonder stony ground and then we have no need to be afraid, for black horses are like the negroes of the desert, who cannot walk barefoot over stones.' Again we went on, and after a

time the master called to his third son, 'Look back, and say what horses you can see in the front of the enemy.' "

"He replied, 'I see dark chestnuts and dark bays.' "

" 'In that case, ride fast, my children!' cried the sheik. 'Now might we be overtaken had we not fed our horses upon barley all the summer through.' Away we raced, faster than before, and sure enough, outran the enemy."

"I wonder," said I, "why the color of a horse seems to matter?"

"I do not know," said Father, "but I believe it is true that dark bay and brown horses are the best:

"If a horse has one white stocking—buy;
If a horse has two—be very shy;
If a horse has four—then pass it by."

"And as to a feed of barley, there is nothing like it. My master was right there; though sometimes, before going

on a long journey, I have been given roasted meat, that I might better bear fatigue."

"As you were so happy and well cared for, how was it," said I, "that you left Arabia?"

Father sighed. "My kind master died very suddenly," he replied, "and I was sold to an English chief. I had to say 'Good-bye' to my old home, and follow my new master to Mecca, the 'Mother of Towns', as the Arabs call it. There, for the first time, I saw houses built of stone. From Mecca I was taken to Yedda, a busy town, where the buildings are all white. Here I had my first glimpse of the great salt water, for Yedda is a port on the Red Sea. From there I sailed in a native vessel to Suez, and then went by train to Port Said. Here I was put on board a very large steamer, and the manner of doing it, I expect, you would have thought quite an adventure."

As he said this, Father had a merry twinkle in his eye.

"First of all, I had a bandage tied over my eyes, and then entered a little box that was just big enough to hold me. I wondered what was going to happen, when up—up in the air I went, hoisted by a crane. Then suddenly I seemed to drop—it made me feel quite giddy and queer—down—down. Then the bandage was taken off, and I found myself on the deck of a vessel!"

"Oh, weren't you dreadfully frightened?" I said.

"Well, I must confess that I felt a little nervous; however I was quite safe. From Port Said I sailed to London, and there I was bought by Mr. Day, and came to live at Wilverton."

"They must have thought a great deal of you," I said, "to have paid so much and brought you so far!"

"Yes, but many people consider Arab

horses to be the very best in the world, and are willing to pay a large sum for what they consider a first-rate animal."

"And now that I have told you something about myself and Arabia, I have just a word of advice to give you in conclusion. Don't disgrace your father. Be obedient, good tempered, willing and industrious, and always do your very best. You will not have your parents always with you, but before very long will have to make your own way in the world."

Here our talk ended.

Ah, little did I think that I was soon to leave my parents; but so it was.

Breaking-In

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

breaking-in
bit
halter
saddle

WORDS TO LEARN

paddock: a small field where horses are exercised.
intelligent: clever; being able to learn readily.
reassure: to give back courage.
whinny: the usual call of a horse.

TO THE PUPIL

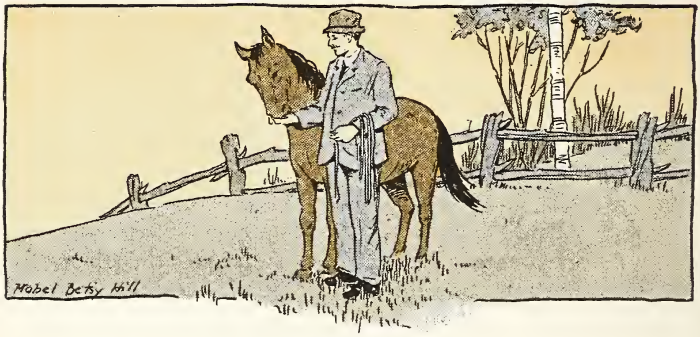
Exmoor Star is taken away from his parents and sold to a new master whom he soon loves. The training for his work now begins. You will be interested to learn how patiently and carefully a good master "breaks in" a horse.

I

On the morning of the next day I was in the paddock, when to my surprise I noticed Mr. Bryce, my new master. He was standing quite still, not paying any attention to me, and so I took the opportunity to have a good look at him.

He was a middle-aged man, with a nice, kind face; he had nothing in his hands, but over one of his arms there

hung a rope, and two or three straps. By and by he took a few steps very slowly in my direction. At first I was prepared to run, but when I saw that he did not move his arms or hands, and seemed so gentle, I felt reassured.



After a time, he came quite close to my side. I sniffed at him, and he very quietly put his hand on my neck, and stroked and patted me, and said pleasantly: "So ho, my beauty! Gently, old boy!"

It felt very pleasant, indeed, for who does not like to be petted?

Gradually he drew me towards him;

again I sniffed at him, and made a step in his direction. I wondered why he pulled my head, and then it struck me that perhaps he wanted me to follow him. I did so. Thus we began to understand each other. I liked him already, and I think he liked me.

We walked up and down together in the same quiet manner for some time. My master kept talking to me, and showed me the rope and straps that hung on his arm. So, to please him, I looked carefully at them, and sniffed at them; there was certainly no harm in them.

After again stroking and patting me, he went away; but I followed him to the gate of the paddock, and whinnied after him, "I like you very much; come soon and see me again."

On hearing my voice he turned, and smiled as if he understood.

Sure enough, in the afternoon he came again to see me. He stroked my head

and neck, and patted me; and again he showed me his straps and let me smell them. Then he stroked my chest and my legs, which was most soothing and pleasant. I guessed that he wanted me to lift my foot, so I drew up the one that was nearest to him, when he slipped one of the straps over it somehow, and fastened the strap to my knee, and then I found that I could only hobble along on three legs. It really was queer!

My master fastened another strap to my other knee, and by and by, as I lifted the one fore-leg that was free, the foot of that leg was somehow caught up too, and then the strangest thing happened. As I had nothing whatever now to stand on in front, down I went on my knees! It did not hurt me, you know, the least bit, but I was astonished, and then my master happened to lean against me gently, and over I rolled on my side. This was still more astonishing.

I seemed to have lost the use of my limbs. I tried to rise, but could not. Then I felt a little afraid, and made desperate efforts to regain my feet, but I only tired myself uselessly, and the next time that I rolled over, Mr. Bryce came and sat on me.

"Well," I thought to myself, "you must be an uncommonly strong and clever man. You seem to be able to do what you like with me. What you do is decidedly odd, but at the same time I like to be patted and fondled." Then and there I made the very wise resolve to do just what my master wanted.

II

The next day, when he came into the paddock and held out his hand and called me, I ran to him at once, and besides being stroked and patted, I was rewarded with a lump of sugar, so I knew that I had pleased him.

Every day my master came in the morning and afternoon to see me, and he stayed with me about half an hour. He always talked pleasantly to me, and we soon became acquainted. Once he brought with him a short piece of polished steel to show me. "There," he said; "that is what is called a bit. Take a good look at it, and smell it."

I did so.

"Now," he said "you shall have it in your mouth." Then he warmed it a little, and pushed it between my teeth.

"Not very nice, eh?" said he. "Never mind, you will soon get used to it."

Another time he brought me something made of leather. "This," he said, "is for you to wear around your neck. But examine it carefully for yourself."

So I felt it with my nose and smelled it, and when my master thought I saw that there was nothing harmful in it, he slipped it over my head and on my neck.

It felt a little awkward, but it was softly padded, and so did not hurt me in the least.

When I was quite used to my halter, my master showed me a large flattish piece of leather. "This is called a saddle," he said.

After I had examined it to my satisfaction, he rested it on my back, and he put it on again in the afternoon. The next day he fastened it on with a strap, which came under my middle. We got on famously together, because he always chatted to me and explained things to me.

One day, when he had saddled and bridled me, he said, "Now, old boy, I want you to give me a ride."

So after again patting and stroking me, he got on my back, to my great surprise, and I carried him around the paddock. I did feel proud!

Just about this time, I heard him

remark to Tom, the stableman, "He is as good-tempered, affectionate, and intelligent a pony as I have ever handled, and he is well broken in now!"

I pricked up my ears at that, because I remember hearing my mother speak of a horse being "broken in" as a necessary part of his education. Then Mr. Bryce gave me a nice carrot. I felt sure that he had spoken to Tom about me!

Change of Masters

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

excellent pedigree | sound in wind and limb

WORDS TO LEARN

securely: safely; firmly.
sensible: wise; intelligent.
farthing: a small English coin; a fourth of a penny.
information: knowledge given.
professional: one who has been taught or trained in sports or work, for pay.
guinea (gĭn′ĭ): an English gold coin.
appreciate (ă-prē′shĭ-āt): to value.

TO THE PUPIL

Here we read of several tricks of Star's which prove that he is intelligent. He goes to an interesting place where you, too, like to go.

"Hello, old fellow! What has become of you? I want you!"

I started and cried, "There is the master calling me!"

I ran to the gate, pushed up the latch with my nose, pulled the gate towards me with my hoof, and managed to squeeze through. Then I ran to my master. "Here I am," I whinnied.

My master patted me and gave me a lump of sugar. Then he turned to a man by his side and said, "This is the pony that Tom told you about. It seems that he has opened the gate more than once, though Tom assures me that he always fastens it securely. You see the gate is kept closed by a bolt on this side and a latch on the other side. The pony must have pushed back the bolt on this side with his nose or his hoof, and got the horse on the other side to raise the latch while he pushed. Then he slipped through, and the gate swung to behind him."

"It looks like it," said the stranger, "for when we entered the paddock just now the gate was fastened."

"Yet the pony came when I called, so that he must have raised the latch and opened the gate. He is a beauty, and as sensible as a judge. His father was an Arabian, his mother an Exmoor, so that he has an excellent pedigree. I believe that there is money in that pony, Mr. Jinniver."

"Well, there may be, but then again there may not. The circus is a risky business, but I am prepared to take a little extra risk here, for I've taken a fancy to him. Let me see his paces."

So Tom was called, and he trotted me up and down and showed me off. And then the stranger, Mr. Jinniver, came and patted me and stroked me. He felt me all over, he examined my teeth, and all the while he talked pleasantly to me. "How would you like to be a professional?" he said.

As I did not understand in the least what he was talking about, I rubbed my nose silently against his sleeve, for I liked him already. Having satisfied himself apparently as far as possible, he turned to Mr. Bryce; "What is your price?" he asked.

"I want twenty-five guineas," said my master, "and I won't take a farthing less. I warrant him sound, of course, in wind and limb."

"Very well," said Mr. Jinniver. "I'll take him and see if I can make a 'star' of him."

What did he mean?

"Well," said Mr. Bryce, "he is undoubtedly clever and intelligent, good-tempered, and willing, and I would not part with him unless I felt sure that he would be in good hands."

"I quite appreciate your remarks," replied Mr. Jinniver; "I have had a far larger experience than most men in the

training of all sorts of animals, and the longer I live the surer I am that patience and kind treatment will always accomplish far more than harsh words and the whip."

Later in the day Mr. Bryce said, "Tom, you know where Jinniver's Theater is?" "Yes sir," said Tom, with a grin.

"Well, I want you to take the pony over there in the morning. I said he should be there before many people were about, so you had better start not later than half past six, and deliver him into Mr. Jinniver's own hands."

"All right, sir," said Tom, "it shall be done."

So early the next morning I left my kind master and set out to try my fortune as a circus pony, and perhaps become a "star," whatever that might be.

As we went along I wondered what a circus was like. It was no use, of course, for me to ask Tom, as he would not understand me. I believed that all sorts

of animals performed there, but that was the extent of my information. Patience! I should soon know.

It was a place of very great importance, if one might judge from the large area of ground which it covered. There were various buildings connected with it, but the great round theatre itself was the principal one. On it was painted in great staring letters:

JINNIVER'S

The walls were covered with wonderful colored pictures showing deeds of daring by men and women and animals, and there were all sorts of notices to the public, each one headed:

JINNIVER'S WORLD-RENOWNED CIRCUS

Tom did not stop to read them, but went straight to the back entrance and asked for Mr. Jinniver. While we waited

he stroked and patted me. "Good-bye, my beauty," said he, and then my new master appeared and Tom delivered me to him.

I Join A Circus

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

a star pony | circus

WORDS TO LEARN

conceal: to hide.
piebald: having patches of different colors; black and white, or brown and white.
triumphal: in honor of a triumph.
sceptre: a staff carried by a ruler as a sign of authority.
trapeze: a swinging bar suspended by a rope at each end.
favorite: one preferred above others.
chariot: a stately vehicle or wagon.
emphatically: earnestly.

TO THE PUPIL

You will learn more about a circus as you read this chapter. Star tells how tricks are taught to horses.

I

That very morning my training commenced, and, as the training of a performing pony is very different from being

"broken in," I will tell you a little of how it is done. My new instruction was the more interesting to me because it reminded me of my father's accomplishments as taught him by the Arabs.

Here are some of my tricks: I learned to be driven without any reins; at the word of command, to lie down, to sit up, to walk upon my hind legs; to bow, or say "yes;" to shake my head, or say "no;" to kiss and lick my master; to roll over, and to "laugh." I learned how to pick up a handkerchief, how to stand on a box, how to beat a drum and ring a bell.

Now I was taught to "kiss" in this way; horses, I dare say you know, are fond of salt, so my master would put a little salt on his cheek or on his lips, and hold out his face towards me. I saw and smelled the salt, and licked it off. After I had done this a great number of times my master held his face toward

me without any salt on it, until I understood that I was to lick or "kiss" him, and when I guessed correctly and did right, I was always rewarded with a lump of sugar, or a carrot, or something else that I liked. Now there, you see, the intelligence of the pony comes in; a clever animal will soon get to understand what is required of him, whereas a stupid one never will.

The handkerchief trick is taught in this way: my master approached me, carrying a clean white handkerchief. Passing his right hand under my chin, he caught hold of my nose from the other side to steady me, then with his left hand he pressed the handkerchief between my teeth, making me hold it by shutting my jaws together. If I dropped the handkerchief he lightly struck my teeth together to show me that I had done wrong. So he kept offering me the handkerchief until I learned to take it between my teeth.

After this my master held the handkerchief towards me on the point of a stick, while at the same time he gently pricked me on the breast with a pin which he had concealed in his hand. When I felt the prick I made a grab at the handkerchief and caught it in my mouth.

This was repeated a number of times, and the handkerchief was gradually held lower and lower until at length I had learned to pick it up off the floor.

It took a good many weeks before I was fairly perfect in these various tricks, and until I was perfect I was not allowed to perform in public. I was often in the theater, however, when performances were given, so that I might become accustomed to the sight and sound of a large crowd of people.

II

There were a number of ponies employed by Mr. Jinniver. Twelve were piebalds;

it was their duty to draw the Triumphal Car in the procession that paraded the streets every afternoon wherever we went.

The Queen of the Triumphal Car was "Fifine." She was very beautiful and very clever, and she sat high up on a golden throne with a sceptre in her hand. The giant Magog and the dwarf Mustard-Seed were her attendants.

The procession was headed by a band, the musicians being sixteen wild Indians in their war-paint. Behind them marched two camels, behind them two ostriches, behind them two elephants, and then came the Triumphal Car with Queen Fifine.

In the circus a number of trained ponies were used. They cantered round the ring while four ladies dressed as fairies rode upon their backs. Sometimes the riders balanced themselves on one toe, sometimes they rode two ponies at once, sometimes they danced, or jumped through paper hoops held out by the clown.

Queen Fifine was very clever in walking on the tight rope, and she performed most daring feats on the trapeze. Several times she had seen me training, and one day she said to Mr. Jinniver, "That is a beautiful pony. I should like to have him, may I?"

"All right." said he, "you shall bring him out!"

So after that she helped teach me tricks, and we grew quite fond of each other.

One day Mr. Jinniver said to Fifine, "Have you thought of a name for your favorite?" "No," replied the Queen, "but he will need to have one. Let me see! Ah, I have it! He is going to be a 'star' pony—call him the 'Exmoor Star.' "

My first performance in public was a great success. The Queen drove me in her chariot without the use of reins. When she asked me if I would not prefer to leave Jinniver's, I emphatically shook

my head. When she said, "You are a very clever pony, aren't you?" I nodded, "Yes, indeed I am!" When she said, "Whom do you love best in the world?" I gave her a kiss. We played see-saw together, and I went through all the other tricks without a mistake. When the people clapped and cried, "Bravo, Exmoor Star," I laughed, and then the applause was tremendous.

Afterwards when the Queen praised me and petted me I did indeed feel pleased, and I heard her say to Mr. Jinniver, "I have a grand idea. I'll make that pony a good actor, see if I don't."

"I am sure I've no objection," said Mr. Jinniver, and, as he laughed, I thought I might as well laugh too.

I Distinguish Myself

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

the title | difficult feat

WORDS TO LEARN

realistic (rē′ăl-ĭs′tĭk): like the real thing.
marvelous: wonderful; surprising.
resume: to continue as before or to begin again.
perilous (pĕr′ĭ-lŭs): dangerous; daring.
heroic (hē-rō′ĭk): brave; noble; fearless.
laden: loaded heavily.

TO THE PUPIL

In this chapter you will read of the difficult feats that Star learns at the circus. In these he shows his remarkable intelligence. Read and see for yourself what a pony can be taught.

I

You will remember Queen Fifine said that she had a grand idea. So she had, and she and I spent some portion of each day in trying to work it out successfully. For weeks we practiced patiently, and at last we were ready to perform before the public. Programs were printed, which were headed in big letters:

ONE ACT DRAMA

Marvelous Realistic Sensation

THE BURNING HOUSE

What Will Become of Her

A representation was given of a house on fire. Thick clouds of smoke poured from the windows. Two or three fire-engines were pumping water in a vain attempt to put out the fire.

A fire-escape was propped against the front of the house, and several people were rescued by the heroic exertions of the firemen, who ran up the ladder at the risk of their lives.

Suddenly a thrill of horror passed through the crowd of onlookers, for a woman—Queen Fifine—was seen at one of the top windows shrieking loudly for help. Alas! the escape was too short to reach her; the staircase was in such a blaze that the firemen dared not attempt to climb it. Could nothing be done to

rescue the poor creature from her perilous position?

Ah! the faithful pony, the lady's favorite steed—that was I—heard and recognized the voice of his beloved mistress. Rushing from his stable, he saw the danger. He entered the house, and regardless alike of flames and smoke, mounted the blazing stairs, and reached his mistress. Quick as thought she sprang on his back and clung to his mane, and so he carried her downstairs, out of the house and out of danger. Immediately afterwards, the top floor where she had been fell in with a crash. The rescue was effected only just in time! The scene was the more remarkable, as it is a well-known fact that horses have a great dread of fire. The lady in peril was, as I said, Queen Fifine, and the brave and devoted steed was myself, the Exmoor Star.

The performance was a great success. Nothing like it had ever been attempted

before. And so the people crowded to see the marvelous, realistic sensation of which I was the hero.

Naturally, Mr. Jinniver was delighted. "Well, your Majesty," he said to Queen Fifine, "you have carried out your intention splendidly. I most heartily congratulate you and your very clever pupil."

"Is he not a beauty?" she said, as she stroked my neck. "But we hope to show you something even more astonishing, don't we, Exmoor Star?"

Seeing that I was expected to say "Yes," I bravely bowed, whereupon Mr. Jinniver and Fifine laughed, and I thought it only polite to laugh too.

II

The next scheme of Her Majesty was far more complicated than the first, and in practising for it we were often dreadfully tired with our exertions.

Fifine's idea was to give a series of scenes from the life of a horse, showing his career from youth to old age. Of course, each scene was practised separately, and only when we felt ourselves perfect in one, did we go on to another.

At the end of eight months we were ready to give our first rehearsal performance. Scene one: "The Hunter." The stage curtain rose and brought to view a fine family mansion. In front of the house a number of horsemen in scarlet hunting costume rode to and fro. At the foot of a flight of steps, a splendid horse, held by a groom, waited impatiently, pawing the ground. The horse was I. Down the steps came a lady in a riding habit, Queen Fifine. She stroked and patted my glossy velvet coat, and sprang to the saddle.

When the dogs, a number of beautiful fox hounds, came up, the huntsman gave the signal and off we went. By and by the

dogs, who were trained for the purpose, started a fox and gave chase. The huntsmen cried "Tally-ho!" to spur them on.

Away we dashed, over hedges and ditches, rocks and stones, until, in the course of the hunt, we came to a peasant's cottage. The door stood open, the fox was hard pressed, so in he popped, and leaped into the lap of an old woman, to her great astonishment.

"Poor fellow!" she said, and took him in her arms. "You are quite safe now, no one shall hurt you."

After that we all went home, and that was the end of the scene.

III

Scene two showed a London cab-stand. There stood a cab and in the shafts was a wretched, broken-down horse. You would not have recognized me, I feel sure; but all the same, it was I. The horse's head hung down, as if he had

not the strength to lift it up; his poor ribs showed through his skin—I was cleverly painted to give me that appearance—his joints were so stiff that his legs were bowed at the knees, as he stood mournfully on three legs so as to give the fourth a little rest. He looked, I assure you, the very picture of misery.

Then four people came along, and hailed the cab. They crowded inside it, all four, though there was only room for two; a heavy box was hauled up on to the roof, the driver climbed to his seat, crack went the whip on the horse's unfortunate ribs, and away he shuffled as well as he could.

But that sort of life could not last very long, and scene three showed a still more miserable animal. The poor creature was harnessed to a cart laden with bricks. As it stood waiting for its drunken driver, a child held out a bunch of grass, which it was thankful to nibble.

Then its master staggered up, and began to beat it with a heavy whip. The horse—it was I—took a few steps, then tottered and fell, and though blows were showered on it, it was unable to rise.

A crowd gathered round. "Shame, shame!" they cried, "the horse is dying!"

When the man saw that all his efforts were useless, he unharnessed the horse, with a lot of grumbling at what he called his ill luck.

Just then a lady passing by was attracted by the sight of the dying animal, and coming closer, recognized it as the very same horse, that years ago, used to take her fox-hunting. Kneeling down in the dirty road, she took the animal's head in her lap. "Oh, my dear old favorite!" she said, crying, "what would I not give to restore you once more to health and strength!"

Suddenly a fairy appeared, dressed in spangles, and waved her wand over the

dying horse. "Rise," she said, "and resume your former condition!"

At these words the horse sprang to its feet with a bound, no longer looking half-starved and wretched, but sleek and glossy, and plump and beautiful. Then the lady jumped on his back, and rode off at a gallop.

The success of this second performance quite outshone the first, and every time it was announced on the bills the theatre was thronged with sight-seers.

My Training As A Polo Pony

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

polo | mental exertion

WORDS TO LEARN

various: different. | **violent:** severe.

TO THE PUPIL

A lord fancied Exmoor Star and chose him for a polo pony. Star will interest you in polo and tell you how his education continues.

After Lord Darcourt selected me for a polo pony, he began at once to train me.

In this training my previous education helped me very much. You will remember that I had learned to be ridden without guidance from bit or bridle. The pressure of my rider's leg was sufficient to direct me to the right or left.

Another thing I learned was bending, and to this, great importance was attached. The manner of instruction was curious and interesting.

A number of tall, thin sticks were stuck in the ground in one line about eight feet distant from each other, and they were so placed that they could be easily knocked down. I started at a slow canter about twenty yards from them and zig-zagged between them, taking first a stick on the near side and then one of the off side, and I had to pass them as closely as possible without knocking them over. When I learned to do this well at a canter I learned to do it at a gallop. My master was very pleased with my per-

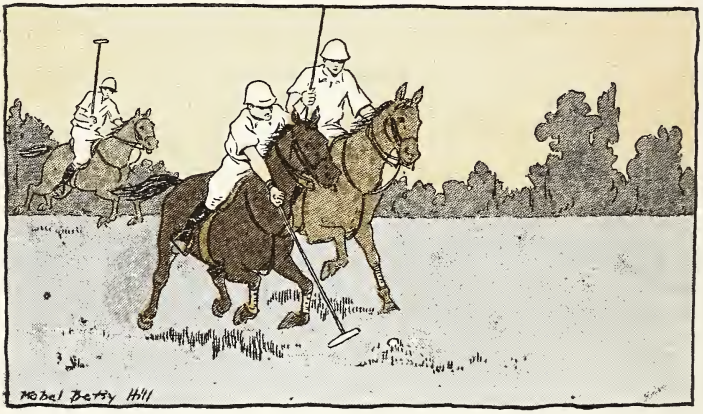
formance, and always had an apple, a carrot, or a lump of sugar in his pocket with which to reward me.

When I had thoroughly learned to trot and canter, to change legs just at the right moment, to turn fast and clearly at the will of my rider, to start or stop instantly, I was introduced to the stick and ball.

I was encouraged to smell and examine them closely, until I was assured they were very harmless things. Then my master got on my back and began to hit the ball about with his stick as I walked. After a few days of this he hit the ball about while I trotted; then, after a longer time, when I cantered; and then, after a longer time still, when I galloped.

When I had mastered all this, he hit the ball backwards so that I had to turn quickly as soon as the ball was struck, and gradually I learned to turn on such occasions without being told to do so.

After this I went through my various exercises while other ponies were running hither and thither, and was taught to mind my own business and not to excite myself as to what they were doing.



Last of all, to give me confidence, I had to meet two ponies coming towards me at a gallop, one on each side of me. At first they were wide apart, but gradually they came closer and closer to me until they almost touched me

Up to now I had not been particularly interested in what was required of me, and was inclined to think the whole

business somewhat silly, but my master was very patient and good-tempered and I was anxious to please him.

When I began to play, however, I began to like the game, and after a time I really think that I was as fond of polo as my master, and that is saying a great deal.

You may imagine that so much galloping and violent exercise, to say nothing of mental exertion, made me very hot indeed. In such a condition I could easily catch cold, but my master was very careful to look after me. After he dismounted he would give orders to have my girths loosened and to have me led up and down until I was cool. Then I was put into my stable with my saddle still on, and it was not taken off for an hour or more.

The Wreck And What Came of It

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

"The barometer has fallen!"
Royal Humane Society
cataract of foam

WORDS TO LEARN

instinctively: naturally.
billows: waves.
exaggerate (ĕg-zăj'ĕr-āt): to overstate; to tell more than the truth.
interval: a space between things.
disaster (dĭz-ăs'tĕr): a serious accident.
stirrup: a kind of ring fastened to a saddle, to hold the rider's foot.

TO THE PUPIL

You will now have an opportunity to decide whether Star's education was of service to any one. After you have finished the selection try to recall the various events in Exmoor Star's life. Decide whether some of the events are common to all horses and whether patience and kindness are necessary in training animals.

I

One day I heard my master say: "How the barometer has fallen! We are going to have a storm!"

I could have told him that! How could I tell? Oh, easily enough by the

feel of the air and by the smell of the storm. I cannot explain so that you would understand. Animals know instinctively, and so I could have said without any need of a barometer, "A bad storm is coming!"

Sure enough it began to blow before evening. The wind whistled and shrieked, the sky became darker and darker, the lightning flashed in a way that I did not like at all, and the thunder that followed made me jump. Then the rain came down in torrents. The sea was rising every minute and I could hear in the pauses of the storm the breakers dashing themselves to foam on the rocks. It was unpleasant, but it really did not matter much to me, as I was well sheltered.

All night long the storm raged. I could hear it between intervals of sleep, when an unusually loud peal of thunder wakened me.

Soon after daybreak there came the

sound of a different kind of thunder, the boom of a gun, and at intervals of about a minute the sound was repeated. Then I heard hurrying footsteps and shouts of, "A wreck! A wreck!"

I heard my master's voice asking, "Where?"

"On the rocks," was the reply, "about a quarter of a mile off shore."

"I will come!" said my master.

He saddled and bridled me as quickly as possible, and we set out for the scene of the disaster.

On reaching the shore we found that it was difficult to make out anything seawards, partly on account of the gloom, partly on account of the driving spray. Every now and then we could see the white top of a great wave, as it broke into a cataract of foam, and roared landwards.

A vivid flash of lightning lit up the scene, and there, on the cruel rocks, was

a ship, and a mast with human beings clinging to it.

"What is being done?" said my master to the few natives who had gathered on the beach. He had to shout at the top of his voice to make himself heard above the storm.

"Nothing!" said the man addressed, sadly. "We have no boats, and no means of reaching the ship!"

"Well, I've a plucky horse under me, and I mean to try!" said my master.

"What, swim?" cried the man in astonishment. "It would be madness to attempt it in such a sea!"

"Nonsense!" replied my master, "something must be attempted. We can't see those poor fellows drown before our eyes, can we, Exmoor Star?"

"No, indeed, I should think not," I whinnied.

Then my master looked carefully at my bridle and at my saddle-girths, stroked

and patted me, mounted, and rode boldly into the sea.

On the word of a polo pony I can tell you it did look like a mad thing to attempt. However, I thought my master knew best, so in I plunged. The very first wave nearly knocked me over, but my master kept me steady. In a short time I managed to hold my nose above water without choking, and so swam forward towards the wreck, my master leaving my head free, and guiding me by the pressure of his legs.

II

How we managed to cross those raging billows is more than I can tell you, but by and by, we neared the vessel. There were twelve men clinging to the mast, and when they saw us they gave a feeble cheer.

"Here's a chance for two of you," shouted my master, pulling up under the

lee of the wreck, and two sailors lowered themselves into the sea.

"Cling to the stirrups," said Lord Darcourt. So one man clung to my right stirrup and one to my left. Then I struck out for the shore while the two men swam as well as they could, and my master piloted me. After a hard struggle we managed to reach the shore. Hurrah! two lives saved!

We only waited a few minutes to get our breath, and then plunged again into the sea, struggled back to the wreck, and with another couple of men clinging to the stirrups, returned to shore.

Six times we made that terrible journey, twelve times we crossed between the wreck and the shore. My master again and again patted, and praised, and encouraged me, and in the end all the twelve men were saved.

Our work ended, my master fainted from weakness, and I was so utterly

exhausted that at last I had only just enough strength left to totter to the land, but willing hands helped me up the beach.

That night I felt very ill, I had terrible pains in one of my hind legs, so that I could not help groaning a great deal.

My master came to see me in the morning and was greatly distressed at my appearance. I licked his hand and tried to tell him about my trouble. "Ah," he said, "I see your leg is badly swollen. You must have the doctor."

There was no doctor anywhere near, so my master took me to the up-country town where the other ponies were. I could not walk, but I got there somehow, and I remember how shocked my friends were at my appearance.

The horse doctor soon came to see me. He said to my master, "This horse has greatly overexerted himself, a muscle is very badly strained. He won't be able to do any more work."

My master stroked and patted me, and I am pretty sure that he cried. You see, I was his favorite. "Poor old boy," he said, "you and I won't play polo together any more, and what shall I do without you? But I am proud of you Exmoor Star."

I was sorry when he said we should not play together again, but I was pleased that I had done my duty.

And my friends all said how sorry they were.

"Polo won't be worth playing any more now," said Dan Connor.

"No, indeed it won't," echoed the others.

I think it is very pleasant to be thought well of by one's friends, even if they do exaggerate a little, don't you?

And I was well looked after I assure you! I had a most comfortable stable, the best of food, and a beautiful paddock in which I could lounge about and rest.

My life was one great holiday! I actually had a medal given to me by the Royal Humane Society, and I often wore it round my neck.

Yes, and do you know, people who had heard the story of the wreck would come, sometimes, quite a long distance to see me, and my master would tell them: "Yes, this is Exmoor Star, the pony that saved twelve people from drowning. He was the finest polo player in the world."

Then, of course, I smiled my best circus smile.

A. E. Bonser.

THE VIOLET

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

The Frost King shut in the song of the brook
he wandered apart
the beauty of his soul
radiant hues
draughts of crystal
the pride of his strength

WORDS TO LEARN

boundary: that which marks the limit of anything.

reverse: to turn completely about; to turn back.

shrivel: shrink.

TO THE PUPIL

This story will lead you right into the woods, and will tell you how birds and flowers talk together.

You will read with interest the change of seasons; spring, summer, and winter.

When you have read the story think of these lines:

"Nothing useless is or low,
Each thing in its place is best."

Apply the thought to the life of the violet.

I

Many and many years ago, deep in the shadow of the dark green wood, there grew a violet. When the warm days of

May came on she would unfold her hood of purple and greet with a smiling face the narrow shafts of sunlight which shot now and again through the tangled



branches of the old oak tree at the foot of which she grew.

Night after night she was lulled to sleep by the tinkle of the little brook as it danced and rippled onward through wood and through meadow on its long

journey to the sea. Morning after morning she was awakened by the twitter of the birds as they peered at her through the chinks between the leaves and sang to her of the great world outside the wood.

And so the summer came and went and the bleak winds of coming winter moaned through the tree tops. When her feathered companions bade her good-bye and flew away toward the sunny South, and the soft white flakes sifted down upon her, and the Frost King shut in the song of the brook, she dug her roots more firmly down into the rich warm earth, and lay dreaming of the time when her good friend, the South Wind, should again awaken her, and the birds and the brook should again gossip with her of the great things which they had seen far beyond the boundary of the dim and silent wood. And so as time went on she grew hearty and strong, and with her strength she grew more beautiful.

The robin sang to her of the fragrant cherry blossoms and of the old apple tree, all in white, where she had built her nest. The saucy wren lisped to her of green fields with nodding buttercups and of the rocky glen where the wild rose sprawled over the stones. These were beautiful, he chattered, but they were as nothing compared to her own radiant hues. And the little brown-breasted sparrow whispered to her of the sick child who kissed and fondled the bunch of purple blossoms which its mother had placed in its fever-stricken fingers. And the modest woodland violet heard all these things and deep down in her heart she longed to take part in the joys and sorrows of the outside world.

At last there came a time when the seasons seemed to reverse the order of their coming. The winds of March were hot, like those of the great Sahara; the showers of April refused to fall, or were

sucked up in an instant by the parched earth; the sun of May burned and shrivelled like that of August; the springs dried up and all the flowers of the field withered and died. But through all this dreary time the woodland violet, protected by the shadow of the gray old oak and cooled by draughts of crystal from the little brook, thrived and flourished and grew hearty and strong as of old and again put on her glorious attire to which she had added hundreds of beautiful blossoms.

II

One day a fisherman strolled along the bank of the little stream. He was an old man and from his bearing it would seem that he cared but little for the sport in which he was engaged, which was true. He wandered apart and alone, filled with a great sorrow. His best friend, a man among men, a hero to all

the earth for his deeds of charity and good will, lay dead—and the whole world mourned. As the fisherman reached the oak he cast aside his tackle and throwing



himself down upon the ground he wept as only a strong man can weep in his grief. Then his eyes caught sight of the purple garden at his feet and through his tears there came a smile; "They were his favorites," he whispered, and he

gathered the flowers, down to the tiniest bud, and went his way.

Next day the hero lay in state in the marble halls of the Capitol and a mighty throng passed in review before all that remained of their leader and friend; but one and all marvelled at the wondrous beauty of the bunch of violets which lay upon the dead hero's heart.

That night the birds and the brook told the story of the honored place attained by their humble friend, the woodland violet, and said, with one accord: "It is always so; to him who waits and hopes, allowing no discouragement to dim the beauty of his soul or the pride of his strength, there comes the greatest of all things at the last."

Charles Kimball.

BY USE OF A MAGNET

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

When the sun sinks low enough so that its rays can be reflected down into the well

magnet

WORDS TO LEARN

orchard: a garden of fruit trees.

mirror: a looking glass.

TO THE PUPIL

You have probably had some fun with a magnet but you have not stopped to think how useful it may be.

There are many lessons in this story. Read carefully and find them.

Fred was the owner of a beautiful new knife. He was very proud of it and used it every time he had a chance. One day while he was at the well near the orchard he took out the knife to whittle down a splinter on a board. While he was doing this the knife slipped out of his hand and was lost in the depths of the well. Fred felt like crying, but tried hard to

keep back the tears. Just then his uncle came up the path and saw Fred looking into the well.

"What is the matter, Fred?" he asked.

"I have lost my new knife," answered Fred, "it has fallen into the well."

His uncle looked at the sun.

"Don't worry," said he, "when the sun sinks low enough so that its rays can be reflected down into the well, we shall try to locate your knife."

Later in the afternoon he called to Fred and said, "Get me that piece of broken mirror which lies on my bench in the barn."

When Fred returned with it he saw that his uncle had a long cord—long enough to reach to the bottom of the well. This cord he fastened to a large horse-shoe magnet. He then took the looking glass and began to flash the reflected sunlight into the dark well. Very soon he held the glass steady.

"Look, Fred," said he, "there lies your knife."

Fred looked into the well and, sure enough, the beam of sunlight had found the bright blade and he could see his knife lying on the well bottom.

"Now, Fred," said the uncle, "I shall depend on you to hold the glass so that the light will shine on the knife blade. I will lower this magnet and if it is strong enough it will hold your knife as I draw up the magnet."

Very carefully he lowered the magnet while Fred held the looking glass so that the light would strike from it into the well. At last he began to draw up the magnet and Fred saw as it came to the surface of the water that the knife was clinging to it.

Herman Dressel.

DAY

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

"Rosy tints on flowers and trees."
"Mists that melt above the sheaves."
"Gold on brooks and grass and leaves."
"Fireflies wink o'er hill and plain."

WORDS TO LEARN

low: the calling sound made by cattle.
portion: a part of anything; a share.
sheaves: a quantity of grain cut and bound together; a bundle.
stanza: a group of lines forming a part of a poem.

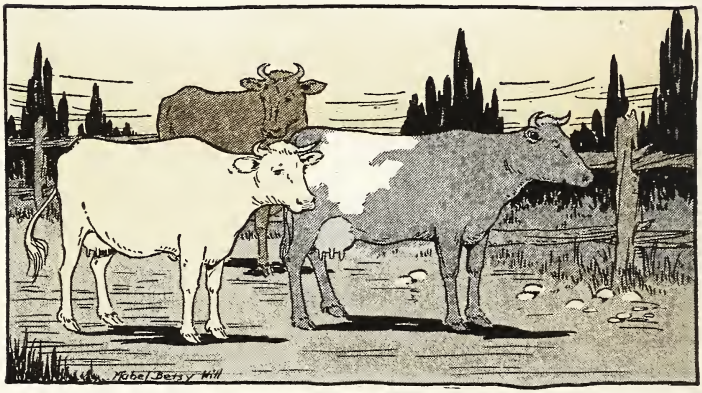
TO THE PUPIL

In the poem you are about to read you will find three stanzas, each one describing a portion of the day. In each stanza are fine descriptions which will make beautiful pictures for us to imagine. There are three pictures in each stanza. See if you can find them.

This is the way the morning dawns,
Rosy tints on flowers and trees;
Winds that wake the birds and bees,
Dewdrops on the flowers and lawns—
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the sun comes up,
Gold on brooks and grass and leaves;
Mists that melt above the sheaves,
Vine and rose and buttercup—
This is the way the sun comes up.

This is the way the daylight dies,
Cows are lowing in the lane,
Fireflies wink o'er hill and plain,
Yellow, red, and purple skies—
This is the way the daylight dies.



PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PERIE BANOU

The Sultan's Plan

CHARACTERS

Houssain (Hö-sān′)
Ali (Ä′lē)
Ahmed (Ä′mĕd)
Perie Banou (Pĕr′ĭ Băn-ō)
Nouronnihar(Nö rŏn-ī-här′)
Noorjehaun (Nōōr-jĕ-hôn′)
Schaibar (Shä-bar′)

WORDS TO LEARN

sultan: a tile of a Mohammedan ruler.
khan (kăn): an inn.
reign: time during which a sultan rules.

TO THE PUPIL

In the days of long ago, before printing was invented, there were men who delighted to tell wonderful tales of heroism and adventures to any who would listen. In this way, without books and newspapers, stories were given from father to son.

The stories which we know as the "Arabian Nights" were told in the gay cities of the East for hundreds of years. They were not collected and written until about four hundred years ago. The one who collected and printed them gives the following story to show us why these tales were first told.

There was once a cruel and wicked king in India who was rapidly killing all the women of the land. His vizier had a beautiful daughter whom the king married. She determined to tell the king such amazing stories that he would forget his cruel purpose. So she began relating to him, tales of

enchantment of such magic interest that the king waited from one night to another to hear the ending of the wonderful stories. For a thousand and one nights, almost three years, she continued the stories, and by that time the king loved her so dearly that he promised to spare the women of India.

You can see now why this collection of stories is called "The Arabian Nights."

There was once a sultan of India, who, after a long reign, reached a good old age. He had three sons and one niece. The eldest son was called Houssain, the second Ali, and the youngest Ahmed. His niece was called Nouronnihar. She was brought up in her uncle's palace from her childhood, and was very beautiful and clever.

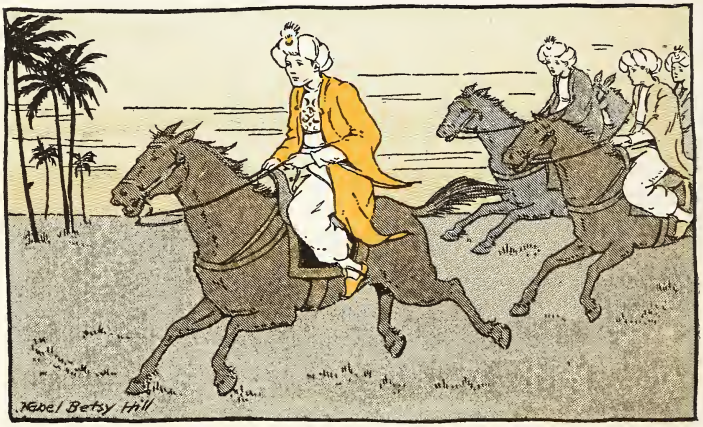
When Nouronnihar came of age, the sultan wished her to marry a neighboring prince, but he found that all his three sons loved her and wished to marry her. This grieved him very much on account of the trouble it would cause among them. He spoke to each one of them apart, telling them it was impossible for one

princess to be the wife of three persons, and he tried to make them consent to abide by the decision of the princess herself.

But they would not agree to this, so he sent for them all together, and said, "I have a way of settling this matter which I think will please you all. I propose that you travel into different countries, so that you may not meet each other, and I promise my niece in marriage to him who shall bring me the greatest curiosity. I shall give each of you a sum of money for the purchase of the thing you shall search after, and for payment of your traveling expenses."

The three princes consented, each hoping that fortune would favor him. The sultan gave them the money he promised, and early the next morning they all went out at the same gate of the city, each dressed like a merchant, attended by an officer dressed as a slave, all well mounted.

They went the first day's journey together, and at night, when they were at supper, they agreed to travel for a year, and to meet at the khan where



they were then stopping, that they might return to the sultan together. The next morning by break of day, after wishing each other good success, they mounted their horses, and each took a different road.

The Three Curiosities

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

crying it for sale at forty purses
ivory
Persia (Pûr'zhà)
Bisnagar (bĭs'nà-gär)
Shiraz (she'räz)
Samarcand (sàm-ăr-kànd')

WORDS TO LEARN

fertile: producing abundantly; fruitful.
barren: unfruitful.
crier: one who cries or makes a proclamation.
preferred: to choose instead of something else.
artificial: unnatural; false.
instant: a particular moment of time.
ware-house: a building for storing goods.
rare: uncommon; unusual.
celebrated: famous
virtue (vûr'tū): strength; worth.
caravan: a company traveling together through a desert or dangerous country.

TO THE PUPIL

This chapter will tell you when and how each prince found the valuable curiosity which he thought would help him win the princess. Decide which curiosity you consider the most wonderful.

I

Prince Houssain, the eldest brother, took the way toward the Indian coast. After three months traveling, sometimes

over the deserts and barren mountains, and sometimes through fertile countries, he arrived at Bisnagar, the capital of the kingdom of that name, and the residence of its king. He lodged at a khan where foreign merchants usually stayed, and he soon learned that there were four principal markets, where merchants of all sorts kept their stores.

Prince Houssain went to one of the markets on the next day. It was a large place, shaded from the sun, but well lighted. The stores were all of the same size, and all who sold the same sort of goods lived in one avenue.

After Prince Houssain had passed through that quarter, street by street, a merchant, seeing him go by, invited him to sit down in front of his shop. He was not seated long when a man appeared with a piece of carpet on his arm, about six feet square, and crying it for sale at forty purses. The prince called to the

crier, and after examining the carpet, told him he could not understand why so small a piece of carpet should be marked at so high a price, unless it had something very wonderful in it.

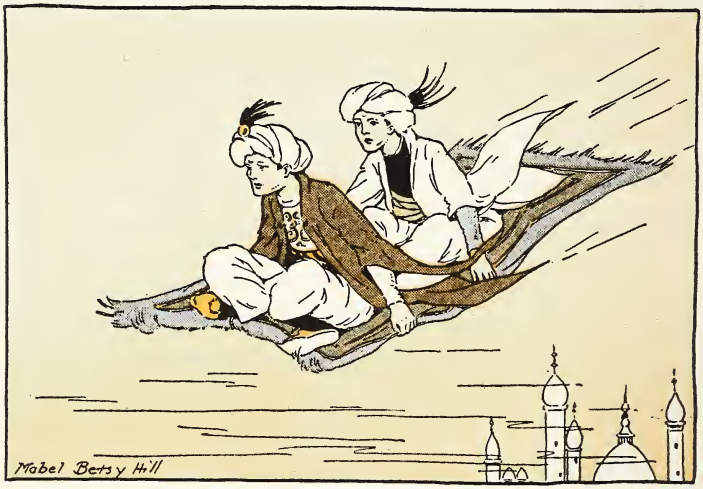
"Your guess is right, sir," replied the crier, "it has something very wonderful in it. Whoever sits on this piece of carpet may be carried in an instant wherever he wishes to be."

"If the carpet," said the prince to the crier, "has the power you say, I shall not think forty purses too much."

"Sir," replied the crier, "I will tell you the truth, and with the permission of the master of the store we will go into the back warehouse, spread the carpet, and sit down upon it. Then when you form a wish to be carried to your apartment at the khan, you will see for yourself the magic of the carpet."

Then they went into the merchant's back shop, where they both sat down on

the piece of carpet, and as soon as the prince formed his wish to be carried into his apartment at the khan, he found himself and the crier there. After this



proof of the power of the carpet, he counted forty purses of gold, and gave the crier twenty pieces for himself.

Prince Houssain was overjoyed that he had so soon found such a rare curiosity. He felt sure that it would win Nouronnihar for him, as he thought

his younger brothers could not find anything to be compared with it. It was in his power, by sitting on this carpet, to be at the place of meeting on that very day. But as he would have to wait there for his brothers, he preferred to make a longer stay in Bisnagar. He passed his time in viewing the wonders of the city. Among the wonders, he visited a temple built entirely of brass. Its greatest ornament was a statue the height of a man, of massive gold, with eyes of two rubies, set so that they seemed to look at those who viewed it, whichever way they turned.

When Prince Houssain had seen all the wonders of Bisnagar, he wished to be nearer home, so he took the carpet and spread it, and he and his officer sat down on it. In a moment, after expressing their wish, they were carried to the khan at which the brothers were to meet.

II

Prince Ali, the second brother, joined a caravan going to Persia, and in four months arrived at Shiraz, the capital of that kingdom. On the morning after his arrival, Prince Ali took a walk into that quarter of the town where they sold precious stones, silks, fine linens, and other choice articles, for which Shiraz is celebrated.

Among the criers who passed backward and forward with samples of goods, there was one who held in his hand an ivory tube about a foot long and an inch thick. The crier cried out that the price of the tube was forty purses. The prince thought the crier was mad, and asked him what he meant by asking forty purses for what seemed to be of no value.

The crier replied, "Sir, you are not the only person that takes me for a madman on account of this tube. You

shall judge for yourself whether I am or not, when I tell you its power. By looking through this tube you can see whatever object you wish to see."

The crier then handed the tube to the prince, and he looked through it, wishing at the same time to see his father, the sultan. Immediately he saw him, sitting on his throne, surrounded by his council. Next he wished to see the Princess Nouronnihar, and instantly he beheld her laughing and talking to her attendants.

Prince Ali needed no other proof to satisfy him that this tube was the most valuable article in the world. So he took the crier to the khan where he lodged, counted out the money, and received the tube. He was overjoyed at his purchase. He felt certain that his brothers would not be able to get anything so rare and wonderful, and that he would win the Princess Nouronnihar.

He thought now only of returning home, and when the caravan was leaving Shiraz, he joined the party, and arrived without accident at the appointed place. There he found Prince Houssain, and they waited for their brother, Prince Ahmed.

III

Prince Ahmed took the road to Samarcand, and the day after his arrival in that city, he went into the market place. Here he heard a crier, who had an artificial apple in his hand, cry it at five-and-thirty purses. The prince stopped the crier, and said to him, "Let me see the apple, and tell me what virtue it possesses, to be worth so much money."

"Sir," replied the crier, "if you consider what this apple can do, you will say it is most valuable, and that he who owns it is master of a great treasure. It cures every disease, and even if the

patient is dying, it will restore him to perfect health by smelling it."

"If one may believe you," replied Prince Ahmed, "the apple is indeed



valuable, but how am I to know that what you say is true?"

"Sir," said the crier, "what I tell you is known to the whole city of Samarcand. Ask these merchants you see in the stores and hear what they say. Several of them will tell you that they would not be alive today if they had not made use of this apple."

While the crier was talking to Prince Ahmed many persons gathered round, and one of them said that he had a friend dangerously ill. Here was a chance to show what the apple could do, so Prince Ahmed told the crier that he would give him forty purses if it cured the sick person by smelling it.

"Come sir," said the crier, "let us go and make the trial, and the apple will be yours." They went immediately to the sick man, who was perfectly cured the moment he smelled the apple, and got up and walked about as well as ever. The prince counted the money at once and took the apple.

He spent some time in seeing all that was worth seeing in and around Samarcand. Then he joined a caravan that was about to start to India, and soon arrived safely at the khan where Prince Houssain and Ali waited for him.

The Brothers Return and the Sultan's Decision

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

dervish | retire from the world

WORDS TO LEARN

embrace: to hold in the arms.
indebted: being under obligation.
justice: fairness.
plain: level land.
ordinary: usual; common.
alarm: the fear of danger.
especially: chiefly; particularly.
magnificence: splendor.

TO THE PUPIL

In this part of the story we see how the brothers made use of their curiosities and the sultan's refusal to decide who should marry the princess without another trial for his sons. Do you agree with his decision about the curiosities?

You will also read of his new plan and his decision after the second contest. Was his decision just?

I

When Prince Ahmed joined his brothers they embraced with tenderness. Then Houssain, the eldest brother, said, "Brothers, we shall have time hereafter to describe our travels. Let us show the curiosities at once, that we may judge for ourselves which of them our

father will think the best. The curiosity I have brought from the Kingdom of Bisnagar is the carpet on which I sit. It looks like an ordinary piece of carpet, but its power is wonderful. Whoever sits on it, and wishes to be carried to any place, no matter how distant, is immediately carried there. It was on it that my attendant and I came here from Bisnagar. I paid forty purses for it and I think you will allow that it is worth the money."

Prince Ali spoke next, "I must own, brother," said he, "that your carpet is a most wonderful curiosity. But you will allow that there may be other things just as rare. Here is an ivory tube, which cost me forty purses, and I am as well satisfied with my purchase as you are with yours; for on looking through this tube you can see whatever object you wish to behold. I would not have you take my word for proof," added

Prince Ali, giving the tube to Houssain. "There it is, test it for yourself."

Houssain took the ivory tube from Prince Ali, and looked through it, at the same time expressing a wish to see Princess Nouronnihar. Ali and Ahmed kept their eyes fixed upon him and were greatly surprised to see his face suddenly show signs of alarm and trouble.

Prince Houssain did not give them time to ask what was the matter, but cried out, "Alas! princes, what was the good of our long journey, when in a few moments the lovely Princess Nouronnihar will breathe her last! I have just seen her in bed, surrounded by her women, all in tears. They seem to expect her death at any moment. Take the tube, see for yourselves the state she is in, and mingle your tears with mine."

Prince Ali took the tube and saw the princess as Houssain had said. Then he gave the tube to Ahmed, who saw that

the death of the princess was near and said to his brothers, "Princes, the Princess Nouronnihar, whom we all love, is just at death's door, but if we lose no time we may save her life. This apple you see cost the same sum as the carpet and the tube. It has a wonderful power. Its smell will restore a sick person to perfect health, whatever the disease. I have tried it, and can show its wonderful effect on the Princess Nouronnihar, if we hasten to her."

"If that is all," replied Prince Houssain, "we cannot make more haste than by taking ourselves to her by means of my carpet. Come, lose no time, it is large enough for us all."

Without delay Prince Ali and Ahmed sat down by Houssain, and all expressing the same wish, they were in the chamber of the princess in a moment. Prince Ahmed went quickly to the bedside of the princess, and put the apple to her

nostrils. She instantly opened her eyes, just as if she had awakened in the morning out of a sound sleep. Her women informed her that she was indebted to her cousins, and particularly to Prince Ahmed, for her sudden recovery. She thanked each of them but especially Prince Ahmed for what he had done for her.

While the princess was dressing, the princes went to see their father. They found that he had been told of their arrival, and by what means the princess had been so suddenly cured. He received them with the greatest joy, both for their return and for the wonderful recovery of the princess, whom he loved as if she were his own daughter.

The princes then presented to him the curiosities which they had brought; Prince Houssain his carpet, Prince Ali his tube, and Prince Ahmed his apple, and they begged of him to declare to

which of them he would give the Princess Nouronnihar.

II

The sultan of India, having heard all that the princes had to say in favor of



their curiosities, was silent for some time thinking what answer he should make. At last he said, "I would decide this matter, my sons, if I could do it with justice. It is true, Ahmed, my

niece is obliged to your wonderful apple for her cure, but let me ask whether you could have cured her if you had not known her danger by means of Ali's tube, and if Houssain's carpet had not brought you to her so soon?"

"Your tube, Ali, made you and your brothers know of the illness of your cousin, but you must grant that the knowledge of her illness would have been of no use without the apple and the carpet. And as for you, Houssain, your carpet would have been of little use if you had not known of her illness by Ali's tube, or if Ahmed had not used his apple. Therefore, as the carpet, the ivory tube, and the apple were all needed, and as each of you had an equal share in her cure, I cannot give the princess to any one of you.

"But I will try another plan to settle this matter, and I will do it today. Let each of you get a bow and arrow,

and go to the plain where the horses are exercised. I will soon join you, and I will give the Princess Nouronnihar to him who shoots the farthest."

The three princes agreed to this plan. They each took a bow and arrow, and went to the plains followed by a great number of people. As soon as the sultan arrived,



Prince Houssain, being the eldest, took his bow and arrow and shot first. Prince Ali shot next, and his arrow went farther than that of Houssain. Prince Ahmed

then shot, but nobody could see where his arrow fell. He and all the people who were present searched for it but they could not find it. As Ahmed's arrow could not be found, the sultan decided in favor of Prince Ali, and he and the Princess Nouronnihar were married a few days afterwards with great magnificence.

Prince Houssain's grief was so great that he left the palace, and giving up all right to the crown, became a dervish. Prince Ahmed was also much grieved, but he did not retire from the world like his elder brother.

Prince Ahmed Finds His Arrow

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

the cloth was laid for the feast

amber

pay his respects

WORDS TO LEARN

resolve: to make up one's mind; decide.

contriving: planning; scheming.

preparation: making ready.

delicious: pleasing to the taste.

respect: honor and esteem.

surround: to inclose on all sides.

inhabited: lived in; occupied.

dais (dā'ĭs): a raised platform.

enjoyment: pleasure.

TO THE PUPIL

This chapter is full of enchantment. You will learn the reason for the long flight of the arrow and the magic power of the curiosities.

I

Prince Ahmed was still greatly troubled about his arrow and he resolved to find where it had gone. With this object he went to the place where the arrows of Houssain and Ali were found. From there he walked straight forward, and looked carefully on both sides as he advanced. He went so far that at last he began to think his labor was in vain, yet he kept on till he came to some steep rocks. At the foot of these rocks he found an arrow, and to his great surprise, he saw that it was the very arrow he had shot. "Certainly," said he to himself, "neither I, nor any man living, could shoot an arrow so far. There must be some mystery in this."

He then began to look about and in a few minutes saw an iron door which

seemed to be locked. On pushing against the door, it opened, and the prince saw a staircase down which he walked with his arrow in his hand. At first he thought he was going into a dark place, but immediately he was surrounded by light, and he found that he was in front of a magnificent palace.

At the same instant, a lady of great beauty, dressed in rich robes sparkling with jewels, appeared before him. She was attended by a troop of maidens all magnificently dressed. As soon as Ahmed saw her, he hastened to pay his respects, but the lady said, "Enter, Prince Ahmed, you are welcome."

After these words, the lady led Prince Ahmed into a noble hall. She then sat down on a sofa, and when the prince, at her request, seated himself near her, she said, "You know, as well as I, that the world is inhabited by fairies as well as men. I am Perie Banou, the daughter

of one of the most powerful of these fairies. I know about your love and your travels. The artificial apple, which you bought at Samarcand, the carpet which Prince Houssain purchased at Bisnagar, and the tube which Prince Ali bought in Shiraz, were of my contriving. You seemed to me to be worthy of a happier lot than to marry Princess Nouronnihar, and that you might have it, I caused your arrow to fly out of sight, and to strike against the rocks near which you found it. It is in your power now to make yourself happy."

As the fairy Perie Banou said these words, the prince replied, "Should I have the good fortune of making you my wife, I shall think myself the happiest of men."

"Then," answered the fairy, "you shall be my husband, and I shall give orders for the preparation of our marriage and our wedding feast this evening. In

the meanwhile I will show you my palace."

II

The fairy then led Ahmed through the grand rooms of the palace where he saw diamonds, rubies, emeralds, all sorts of fine jewels, and fine furniture. At last he entered the hall where the cloth was laid for the feast. It was adorned with a great number of wax candles perfumed with amber. On a large sideboard were arranged many pieces of gold plate, so finely carved that the workmanship was much more valuable than the weight of the gold.

In this hall the prince and the fairy Perie Banou were married, and then they sat down to the feast, which was accompanied by a concert of music, the finest that the prince had ever heard. The fairy served Prince Ahmed with most delicious meats, more wonderful than any he had ever before tasted. After

the dessert, which was of the choicest fruits and preserves, the fairy Perie and Prince Ahmed rose and went to a dais, at the end of a hall, where they sat upon



cushions of fine silk, beautifully embroidered. Then a great number of fairies danced before them, as they talked together of their wedding day.

Every day spent with the fairy Perie was a continued feast, for every day she provided choice meats and fruits, new concerts, new dances, and new amuse-

ments of every kind. These were all so pleasing to Prince Ahmed that in a thousand years among human beings he could not have had such enjoyment.

At the end of six months, the prince felt a great desire to visit the sultan, his father. He mentioned his wish to Perie Banou, but she was much alarmed, lest this was an excuse to leave her, and she begged him not to go.

"My queen," replied the prince, "I did not make the request to displease you, but through respect for my father, who believes that I am dead. But as you do not wish me to go, I will deny myself the pleasure, for there is nothing I would not do to please you."

The Sorceress and Prince Ahmed's Visits

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

forsaken the world
viziers
the provinces of India
display of riches

WORDS TO LEARN

anxiety (ăng-zī′ĕ-tĭ): worry.
resolution: fixed purpose; decision.
mystery: something secret; beyond the understanding.
concealed: hidden; covered.
sorceress: a wizard or enchanter.
sire (sīr): a title of respect used in speaking to a king or sultan, or father.
ornamented: decorated.
affection: fondness.
offended: displeased or angry.

TO THE PUPIL

Are you interested in the story? Can you see why the cruel king of long ago waited from one night to another to listen to the unfolding of the wonderful tales?

I

In the meanwhile the sultan of India was distressed at the absence of the two princes. He was soon, however, informed that Prince Houssain had forsaken the world, and as he knew that he was alive and well he was not so troubled about him. But he did not know where Prince

Ahmed was, and he gave orders that a search should be made for him through out all his kingdom. He sent messengers into all the provinces of India with directions for Ahmed to return to his father's court if he should be found.

But all was of no use. Ahmed could not be found and nobody could tell where he was. At last the sultan was advised to ask the help of a sorceress. The sultan consented and a sorceress was called. When she came before the sultan, he said to her, "Canst thou tell me by thy art and skill what is become of Prince Ahmed, my son? If he be alive, where is he? What is he doing? May I hope ever to see him again?"

"Sire," replied the sorceress, "if you will allow me till tomorrow, I will satisfy you." The sultan granted her the time and promised to reward her well. The sorceress returned the next day, and said

to the sultan, "Sire, I have not been able to find out anything more than that Prince Ahmed is alive, but as to where he is I cannot discover."

The sultan was obliged to remain satisfied with this answer which somewhat relieved his anxiety as it gave him the hope that his son was not dead.

II

Prince Ahmed, meanwhile, kept to his resolution not again to ask permission to leave the fairy Perie Banou, but she saw by his frequent talk about his father that he still wished to see him. She therefore resolved to grant him the permission, and one day she said to him, "Prince, as I am now fully satisfied that I can depend on your love, I grant you leave to visit you father on condition that your absence shall not be long. You can go when you please, but let me give you some advice. Do not inform

your father of our marriage, or of the place where we live. Beg him to be content with knowing that you are happy, and that the object of your visit is to make him easy in mind."

She then ordered twenty horsemen to attend him on his journey. For himself a magnificent horse was brought out, with saddle and bridle of gold and silver, ornamented with diamonds and other precious stones. Prince Ahmed mounted this horse, and after bidding farewell to the fairy Perie, he set out accompanied by the twenty horsemen.

As it was not far distant, the prince soon arrived at his father's capital. The people received him joyfully and followed him in crowds to the palace. His father embraced him with great affection, complaining at the same time of the grief his long absence had caused him.

"Sire," replied Prince Ahmed, "I was pained to have to give up the Princess

Nouronnihar to my brother Ali, and I felt that my arrow, though it could not be found, had gone beyond his. I resolved to find it, and I therefore left my attendant, and returned to look for it. After having gone several miles I saw an arrow, and I knew it to be the one which I had lost. Far from blaming you for declaring in favor of my brother Ali, I never doubted that there was some mystery in what had happened. But as to this mystery, I beg you will not be offended if I remain silent, and that you will be content to know from my own mouth that I am happy. To tell you this and to relieve your anxiety, is what brought me here. I must return now, and the only favor I ask is your leave to occasionally visit you and inquire after your health."

"Son," answered the sultan, "I have no wish to inquire into your secret, I tell you that your presence has given me a

pleasure I have not felt for a long time. You shall always be welcome when you can come to visit me."

Prince Ahmed stayed three days at his father's court, and on the fourth returned to the fairy Perie Banou, who received him with great joy.

III

At the end of a month after the prince's return, the fairy no longer doubting his love for her, proposed herself that he should pay another visit to his father. "It is a month," she said, "since you have seen the sultan, your father. Go to him tomorrow and after that, visit him once a month without waiting for my permission."

Prince Ahmed went the next morning with the same attendants as before, but much more magnificently mounted and dressed and was received by the sultan with the same joy. For several months

he continued to pay these visits, and every time in a richer style.

At last the sultan's viziers began to make the father jealous of his son.

They told him that he ought to discover where the prince lived, and how he could afford to travel so magnificently. He seemed, they said, to come to court only to insult his father by his display of riches, and to gain the people's favor so as to get the throne himself.

When they said these things to the sultan, he answered, "I do not believe my son Ahmed would act as you think, but I am obliged to you for your advice." He said this that they might not know that he was disturbed in his mind about what they told him. He was, however, so much alarmed that he resolved to have Prince Ahmed watched.

He then sent privately to the sorceress, who came by a secret door into his own room. "You told me the truth," said

he, "when you informed me that my son Ahmed was alive. He comes now to my court every month, but I cannot learn from him where he lives. I believe you can discover this secret. He is with me at the present time and will depart in the morning, without taking leave of me or my court. I wish you to watch him and find out where he goes."

The sorceress left the sultan and learning by her art the place where Prince Ahmed had found the arrow, she went there, and concealed herself near the rocks so as not to be seen.

The Sorceress in the Fairy's Palace

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

in an hour's time
crown of the Indies
un-heard-of riches
council chamber

WORDS TO LEARN

prevent: to stop; to keep from happening.
injury: loss; damage.
dethrone: to remove from a throne.
advantage: anything that aids or assists.
pretend: to make believe; to make false show.
snare: anything by which one is brought into trouble.
enriched: improved; adorned.
shelter: a cover; a protection.

TO THE PUPIL

People are usually punished in some way for wrong doing and pretense. Watch the actions of the sorceress carefully, notice her wrong doings and see what happens.

I

Next morning Prince Ahmed set out by daybreak, without taking leave of either the sultan or any of his court. The sorceress saw him coming and with her head on the rock she moaned as if she were in great pain. Prince Ahmed heard her, turned his horse, and said,

"Good woman, I will assist you, and take you where you can soon be cured. Rise, and let one of my people carry you."

At these words the sorceress moved as if trying to rise, pretending that her illness prevented her. Two of the prince's attendants helped her up, and placed her on a horse. They then followed the prince, who turned back to the iron gate, which was opened by one of his horsemen.

When he came into the outer court of the fairy's palace, he sent to tell her that he wanted to speak with her. The fairy came with great haste, and Prince Ahmed, not giving her time to ask any questions, said, "My princess, I wish you to have pity on this good woman. I leave her in your care and I am sure that from your kind heart as well as because of my request, you will try to help her."

The fairy, who had her eyes fixed on the pretended sick woman all the time the prince was speaking, ordered two of

her attendants to take her into an apartment of the palace, and care for her. While the attendants were doing this, the fairy went up to Prince Ahmed and whispering in his ear, said, "Prince, I commend your kindness which is worthy of you, but this woman is not so sick as she pretends to be. I am much mistaken if she is not sent here to cause you great trouble. But do not be uneasy. I will save you from all the snares that shall be laid for you."

These words of the fairy did not in the least alarm Prince Ahmed. "My princess," said he, "as I do not remember that I ever did anybody an injury, I cannot believe any one can have a thought of injuring me, but even so, I shall not forbear doing good whenever I have an opportunity."

II

In the meantime, the two attendants of Perie Banou had taken the sorceress

into a richly furnished apartment. When they put her to bed one of the women went out and returned soon with a china cup, containing a certain liquid, which she gave to the sorceress. "Drink this," said the attendant, "it is the water of the fountain of lions. You will feel the good effect of it in less than an hour's time."

The two attendants returned in an hour's time, and found the sorceress seated on the sofa. When she saw them she cried out, "Oh, wonderful liquid! It has cured me, and being thus cured, I would not lose time, but finish my journey."

The two attendants then led the sorceress through several apartments into a large hall, the most richly and magnificently furnished of all the palace. Perie Banou was seated in this hall, upon a throne of massive gold, enriched with diamonds, rubies and pearls of great size, and attended by a great number of

beautiful fairies, richly dressed. The sorceress was so astonished at the sight of so much splendor that she could not open her lips to thank the fairy, as she had intended.

But Perie Banou saved her the trouble, and said, "Good woman, I am glad I had an opportunity to oblige you, and that you are able to finish your journey. I will not detain you. But perhaps you may wish to see my palace. Follow my women and they will show it to you."

The old sorceress, who had not power or courage to say a word, bowed down her head on the carpet that covered the foot of the throne, and was then conducted by the two fairies through the same apartments which were shown to Prince Ahmed at his first arrival. They at last led her to the iron gate, opened it, and wished her a good journey.

After the sorceress had gone a little

way, she turned to observe the door, that she might know it again, but she could not see it. Then she went to the sultan,



and after describing to him all that she had seen in the fairy's palace, she said, "What does your Majesty think of these un-heard-of riches of the fairy? Perhaps you will rejoice at the good fortune of Prince Ahmed, your son. For my part, I shudder when I think of the misfortunes that may happen to you, as the fairy may put it into the head of your son to

dethrone his father, and seize the crown of the Indies."

The sultan ordered her to follow him into the council chamber. After he had informed his viziers of all he had learned, and of his fears of the influence of the fairy over his son, one of them said, "The author of this mischief will soon be in your Majesty's power. When he visits you again, put him under arrest. I will not say take his life away, but make him a close prisoner."

Then the sorceress asked leave to speak, and she said, "Would it not be better to turn the prince's position to your advantage, by putting on him some hard task? If he performs it, he will benefit you, and if he will not perform it, you will have an excuse for arresting him. Request the prince to get you a tent which can be carried in a man's hand, and yet be large enough to shelter your whole army."

When the sorceress finished her speech, the sultan asked the viziers if they had anything better to propose, and finding them all silent, he determined to follow her advice.

The Sultan's Three Requests

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

his father's presence
clew of thread
five hundredweight
pray oblige me
your majesty
clap spurs to your horse

WORDS TO LEARN

procure: to get or obtain.
treasury: a place where wealth is stored.
defense: (dē-fĕns′): protection.
deformed: made ugly or unshapely.
distant: far off.
retreat: place to which anyone retires; refuge.
trifle: to act or talk without seriousness.
jest: a joke.
entrance: place for entering.
appearance: outward look.
haughtily: in a proud manner.
convey: carry.

TO THE PUPIL

The sultan has a wicked adviser in the sorceress.

Notice how she leads him on from one false step to the next, and what happens as a result. Could you make a better ending for the story?

Next day the prince again visited the sultan, and when the son came into his father's presence, the father said, "My son, I am glad to hear of your marriage with a fairy who is worthy of your love. I make one request; that you will obtain her assistance in a great service. You know to what expense I am put to provide mules, camels, and other beasts of burden, to carry the tents for myself and my army. Now I am certain that you could easily procure from your wife a tent that might be carried in a man's hand, and which would serve for my whole army. Pray oblige me by asking her to do me the service I ask."

Prince Ahmed, hearing this request, was at a loss to think what answer to make. At last he replied, "Though I do not know how you have found it out, I cannot deny what you tell me. I have married the fairy. As to what you speak

of, I shall mention to her your desire, and if I do not come again to visit you, it will be a sign that I have not been granted my request."

When Prince Ahmed returned to the fairy palace, the Perie Banou at once saw that there was some trouble on his mind, and she asked the cause of the change in him. Ahmed at last told her that the sultan had found out about his marriage, though he could not tell by what means. The fairy reminded him of the old woman on whom he had taken pity, and said that she was the spy, and had told the sultan all that she had seen and heard. "But," said she, "there is something else which is the cause of your grief."

"Perie Banou," said Prince Ahmed at last, "it is so. My father doubts my loyalty to him and he has demanded me to get from you a tent large enough to shelter himself, his officers and his army, when he goes to war, and small

enough for a man to carry in his hand."

"Prince," replied the fairy, smiling, "what your father requests is a trifle. I can do him this service, and I shall always take pleasure in doing whatever you desire."

Perie Banou then sent for one of her attendants, and said to her, "Noorjehaun, bring me the largest tent in my treasury,"

Noorjehaun went out of the chamber, and in a few minutes returned with a small case, concealed in the palm of her hand, and presented it to her mistress, who gave it to Prince Ahmed. When he saw the small case which the fairy called the largest tent in her treasury, he thought she was joking.

Seeing this, Perie Banou exclaimed, "What, prince, do you think I jest with you? You will see that I am in earnest. Noorjehaun," said she, taking the tent out of Prince Ahmed's hands, "go and

set it up, that he may judge whether the sultan will think it large enough."

Noorjehaun went out immediately from the palace, and after carrying it some distance, set it up. The prince found it large enough to shelter two armies, each as large as that of his father. "You see," said the fairy, "that the tent is larger than your father may need, but you are to observe, that when set up, it becomes, without being touched, larger or smaller, according to the army it is to cover." Noorjehaun then took down the tent again, reduced it to its first size, and brought it and put it into the prince's hands. Next day he mounted his horse, and went with the usual attendants to his father.

The sultan, who thought that the tent could not be obtained, was greatly surprised at the prince's speedy return. He took the tent, and after wondering at its smallness, had it set up in the

great plain not far from the palace. When he found that it was large enough to cover with ease his whole army, he was much astonished. He expressed his thanks to his son, and desired him to return his thanks to the fairy, and to show what value he set upon it, he ordered the tent to be carefully laid up in his treasury.

II

In his secret heart the sultan was more jealous than ever of his son, fearing that by the fairy's help he would deprive him of his throne. Therefore he went to consult the sorceress again, and she advised him to request the prince to bring him some of the water of the fountain of lions.

The sultan resolved to do this, and so in the evening, when Ahmed came to pay his respects, his father said, "Son, I have already told you how thankful I am for the present of the tent, which

I believe to be the most valuable article in my treasury, but you must do one thing more for me. I am told that the fairy makes use of a certain water called the water of the fountain of lions, which cures all sorts of diseases, even the most dangerous. Now I am sure my health is dear to you, and I do not doubt that you will ask her for a bottle of that water, and bring it to me, that I may use it when I have need of it. Do me this service, and complete the duty of a good son towards a tender father."

Prince Ahmed, who believed that his father should not put any other task upon the fairy, was displeased at this new request. After a long silence, he said, "All I can do is to assure your Majesty that there is nothing I would not do to prolong your life, but I cannot promise to bring the water. I will request it of my wife, though I am sorry to have to trouble her again."

The next morning Prince Ahmed returned to the fairy Perie Banou, and after informing her of his father's new request, said, "But my princess, I leave you to your own pleasure, whether you shall grant or refuse this his new demand."

"No, no," replied the fairy, "I will satisfy the sultan, and whatever advice the sorceress may give him, he shall find no fault with you or me. There is much wickedness in this demand, as you will understand by what I am going to tell you. The entrance to the fountain is guarded by four fierce lions, two of which sleep, while the other two are awake. But let not that frighten you. I will supply you with means to pass by them without danger."

The fairy Perie Banou was at that moment at work with her needle, and as she had by her several clews of thread, she took up one, and giving it to Prince Ahmed, said, "First take this clew of

thread and I will soon tell you the use of it. In the second place you must have two horses. One of them you must ride yourself. The other you must lead, and it must be loaded with a sheep cut into four quarters. In the third place, you must have a bottle, in which to bring the water.

"Set out early tomorrow morning, and when you have passed the iron gate of this palace throw before you the clew of thread, which will roll till it reaches the gate of the castle. Follow it, and when it stops, the gates will open, and you will see four lions. The two that are awake will, by their roaring, wake the other two. Be not afraid, but throw each of them a quarter of the sheep, and then clap spurs to your horse, and ride to the fountain. Fill your bottle without alighting, and return with the same speed. The lions will be so busy eating that they will let you pass by unharmed."

Prince Ahmed set out the next morning at the time appointed by the fairy, and followed her directions exactly. As soon as he arrived at the gates of the castle, he threw the quarters of the sheep among the four lions, and passing quickly to the fountain, filled his bottle, and came safely away. When he was a little distance from the castle gates, he turned about and seeing two of the lions coming after him, he drew his sword, and prepared for defense. But immediately he saw that they meant him no harm and one lion went before and the other stayed behind to protect him.

Guarded in this manner he arrived at his father's capitol, and the lions never left him till they had conducted him to the gate of the sultan's palace.

A number of officers came to attend the prince and conduct him to the apartment of the sultan. The prince approached his father, laid the bottle at

his feet, and said, "I have brought you, Sire, the water which your Majesty so much desired, but at the same time I wish you such health that you may never have to make use of it."

III

The sultan was again much surprised to see his son with what he had demanded, and he said to him, "Son, I am obliged to you for this valuable present, and for the great danger in which you have been placed on my account. But I have one thing yet to ask of you, after which I shall expect nothing more, and the request is to bring me a man not more than a foot and a half high, with a beard thirty feet long, who carries upon his shoulders, a bar of iron of five hundredweight, and who can speak."

Next day the prince returned to Perie Banou, and told her of his father's new demand, saying, "This is much more

difficult than the other, for I cannot imagine that there is such a man in the world. Without doubt my father seeks my ruin, and I beg you will tell me how I may come off with honor this time also."

"Do not alarm yourself, prince," replied the fairy. "You ran great risk in fetching the water of the fountain of lions for your father, but there is no trouble or danger in finding this man. He is my brother Schaibar. Though we both had the same father, he is of so violent a temper that he gets angry at the slightest offense, yet he is very good natured and friendly to any one who shows him a kindness. I will send for him, but prepare yourself not to be surprised at his figure and appearance."

"What! my queen," replied Prince Ahmed, "do you say Schaibar is your brother? Let him be ever so ugly or deformed, I shall love and honor him on your account."

The fairy then ordered a gold chafing dish to be lighted under the porch of her palace, and taking some incense, she threw it into the fire, and there arose a thick cloud of smoke. Some moments afterwards she said to Prince Ahmed, "Prince, there comes my brother. Do you see him?" The prince immediately saw Schaibar, who, as he came forward, looked fiercely at the prince and questioned Perie Banou about him.

She replied, "His name is Ahmed. He is my husband and a son of the sultan of India. I did not invite you to my wedding, because you were in a distant country, but on my husband's account I have taken the liberty now to call you."

At these words, Schaibar, looking at Prince Ahmed, said in a pleasant voice, "It is enough that he is your husband, to cause me to do for him whatever he may desire."

"The sultan," rejoined Perie Banou,

"wished to see you, and my husband will be your guide to the sultan's court."

"He has only to lead the way. I will follow him," replied Schaibar.

Next morning, Schaibar set out with Prince Ahmed to visit the sultan. They arrived at the gates of the capital and as soon as the people saw the fierce-looking little man with the great bar of iron on his shoulder, they ran and hid themselves in their shops and houses and shut their doors. Schaibar and Prince Ahmed advanced until they came to the palace, and the guards ran away too, so that the prince and Schaibar reached the council hall without trouble. There the sultan was seated on his throne surrounded by his ministers.

Schaibar haughtily approached the throne, and without waiting for Prince Ahmed to introduce him, thus addressed the sultan. "Thou hast sent for me. What dost thou wish? Where is the

sorceress who caused evil to arise in your heart? Let her be brought before me."

The sultan immediately sent for her, and the moment she appeared Schaibar crushed her with his bar of iron, saying, "Now you are punished for giving wicked advice, and pretending sickness." The sultan put his hands before his eyes and fell dead with fright at his own wickedness.

"And now," continued Schaibar, "Prince Ahmed, my brother-in-law, must be acknowledged as sultan of India." All who were present cheerfully assented, and they made the air ring with cries of, "Long live Sultan Ahmed," and in a short time the whole city echoed with the same shouts. Schaibar next made the prince put on the robes of the sultan, after which he had him crowned. He then went for his sister, Perie Banou, conducted her to the city in great splendor, and caused her to be acknowledged as queen of India.

Prince Ahmed gave to Prince Ali and Princess Nouronnihar a kingdom for themselves. Afterwards he sent an officer to Houssain to tell him of what had happened, and to make him an offer of a kingdom. But Houssain requested the officer to convey his thanks to his brother, and to say that the only favor he wished was permission to remain in the place he had chosen for his retreat.

INDEPENDENCE BELL

WORDS AND PHRASES TO DISCUSS WITH THE TEACHER

bleak Atlantic currents
wild Newfoundland shore
Philadelphia (fĭ-lă-dĕl′-fĭ-ă)
Quaker Town
Second Continental Congress
Revolutionary War
iron-sceptered sway
calm gliding Delaware
Spartan
Soul of freedom
"Like Phoenix (fē′nĭks) Fair Liberty arose!"
Declaration of Independence

WORDS TO LEARN

rife: full of.
tumult: great noise; great excitement.
turbulent: restless; noisy.
stifle: to stop the breath; to smother.
portal: a gate, door, or entrance.
illumed: lighted.
hazard: danger.
quaint: old fashioned.
patriot: one who loves and helps his country.
unconquered: not beaten; not crushed; not over thrown.
tyrant: a cruel master.
dallying: wasting time.
intonation: sounding.
independence: power to direct one's own affairs.
suspense: anxious; uncertainty.

TO THE PUPIL

The Second Continental Congress met in Philadelphia, May, 1775. This was really our first national government. By this time the Revolutionary War was in progress and the great desire for freedom was increasing. The Declaration of Independence was drafted and finally adopted on a certain day in 1776. What a day of excitement and suspense that

was! Can you imagine the people crowding the hot streets asking each other for news? The poem tells you all this as well as the story of the bell which we revere.

There was tumult in the city,
 In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
 Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering at corners,
 Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
 With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
 Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
 So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
 Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
 Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
 "Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
 "Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"


Mabel Betsy Hill

"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" — "Stifle, then:
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child,
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled;
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom
All unconquered rise again.

Aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye should catch the signal,
Very happy news to tell.

See! See! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's strong, joyous cry!
"Ring!" he shouts aloud. "Ring, grandpa!
Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!"
And straightway at the signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
And sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! what rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm gliding Delaware!

How the bonfires and the torches
Illumed the night's repose,
And from the flames, like Phoenix,
Fair Liberty arose!

That old bell now is silent,
And hushed its iron tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still lives — forever young.
And while we greet the sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We'll ne'er forget the bellman,
Who, 'twixt the earth and sky,
Rang out our independence,
Which, please God, shall never die!

The Prince of Wales Finds the Bell

WORDS TO LEARN

revere: respect with affection.
progenitor: a forefather.
oblivion: out of sight or thought.
forcible: strong, powerful.
neglectful: careless.
inspiration: an impulse to do great deeds.
accumulate: to heap up, pile up.
symbol: that which stands for something else.

Briton (Brĭt′ŏn): A native of Great Britian.
belfry: a tower for a bell.
revolution: throwing off the rule of a country and setting up another.
listlessly: indifferently.
manuscript: book or paper in handwriting or typewriting.
escort: one who goes with another on a journey or soldiers acting as a guard.
relic: something left to remember an event.
renaissance (rĕn′ĕ-säns): coming to life again.
ne'er: never.

TO THE PUPIL

In the poem, Independence Bell, the author has said, "We'll ne'er forget the bell man" who rang out our independence. But the bell, for some time, seemed to be forgotten.

After the Declaration of Independence was signed, the people were concerned about the welfare of the new nation and the troubles that had to be settled. They thought little about the bell that hung so long in the belfry of Carpenter Hall; and after it was taken from its station it was apparently forgotten.

Americans now revere the Liberty Bell, as it is called, and this story tells you how interest was aroused by the royal visitor from England.

Read the story carefully and remember the place, the persons and the conversation about the relic. Decide for yourself what you think are the most interesting features of the story. Tell your opinion to the class. Your classmates may ask questions of you; be ready to tell them what you think, and to ask them questions.

You will attempt to master this lesson. You may be

told whether you have done well and how you can improve in searching for interesting facts.

In reading aloud try to read naturally and express the thought of the story.

How will you get more information about the bell?

The Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII, during his visit to Philadelphia in the year 1860, rescued the Liberty Bell from oblivion and raised it to that position which it now occupies in the American people's hearts.

Some patriotic citizen conceived the idea of taking the Prince to Independence Hall to view the treasures which are the most forcible reminder of the American Colonies and of their defiance to their mother country.

The Prince saw the portraits of the men who stirred up the revolution, and he did not gaze listlessly at them, but made complimentary comments upon them. He looked with interest on the manuscript of the Declaration of Independence, and he did not flinch when he had placed in his

hands the swords of men who hewed down the flower of his royal progenitor's army.

Finally he came to a garret. This was where the bell was rung when the Declaration had been adopted, he was told. He looked around and inquired, "What has become of the bell?"

"The bell, why that is here somewhere —we will look for it," replied one of the Americans who was in the escort.

They found it stored away and partially covered with rubbish.

No one seemed to mind what had been discovered except the Prince of Wales. He became thoughtful. For the moment he forgot he was a Briton; he gazed upon the bell that had rung at a nation's birth, and then he spoke the words that made the American people see that they were neglectful.

"This old bell," he said, "is the greatest relic that the republic today possesses. Instead of being here, covered with

accumulated dust, it should occupy the chief place of honor in this Hall of Independence. It is to America what the Magna Charta is to England. It is cracked, but it is an inspiration. Believe me, my friends, it affects me more than anything you have yet shown me."

That was the renaissance of the Liberty Bell. It now has a place of honor in Independence Hall. During the Civil War its name was used to stir the Union soldiery, and when the World's Fair at Chicago began, it was taken there so that visitors from all parts of the world might see it. Several other journeys have been made by the bell across the continent and the people everywhere have regarded it with reverence and love as the symbol of a nation's liberty.

Herman Dressel.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE

TO THE PUPIL

There is sound sense in this story as well as wit. There are some statements made by the pin and by the needle that will require explanation. Be ready to explain after you have carefully read the story.

Be ready to write out a rule which the pin and needle might have used for their own good, instead of quarreling about their weak points.

A long time ago, when such things were very expensive because they were made by hand, a pin and a needle, who had nothing else to do, began to quarrel, as idle people are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin to the needle, "what you are good for, and how you can expect to get through the world without a head!"

"What is the use of a head, when the head has no eye?" asked the needle, rather sharply.

"What is the use of an eye," replied the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I can get through more work than you can."

"Yes, but you will not live long."

"Why do you say that?" asked the needle.

"Because you always have a stitch in your side."

"Oh, you are already bent and crooked like an old man!"

"And you are so proud that you can not bend without breaking."

"I'll pull your eye out if you touch my head. Don't forget that your life hangs upon a single thread."

While they were thus quarreling, a little girl came in, took the needle, and began to sew. In a short time she broke the eye, and threw the needle away.

Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, but in trying to draw it through the cloth, she pulled the head off. Then she threw the pin away, and it fell in the dirt beside the needle.

"Well, we are together again," said the needle.

"We have nothing to quarrel about now," replied the pin.

"Misfortune seems to have brought us to our better senses," said the needle.

"It is a pity we did not come to our senses sooner. How much better it would have been if instead of quarreling, I had used my head and you had used your eye to see our good points, and not our weak ones."

THE STORY OF PERSEUS

The Childhood of Perseus

WORDS TO LEARN

Acrisius (ȧ-krĭs′ĭ-ŭs).
Proetus
Cyclopes (sī-klō′pez).
Polydectes (pŏl-ĭ-dĕc′-tēz).
Dictys (dĭc′tĭs).
Danae (dăn′ȧ-ē).
Argos (ăr′gŏs).
Hellas (hĕl′as): Greece.
Tiryns (tī′rĭnz).
Seriphus (sĕr′ĭ-fŭs).
Perseus (pûr′sūs or pûr′sē-ŭs).
unhewn: uncut.
prophet: one who foretells events.
kindred: the family to which one belongs.
mortal: human.
hospitality: kind entertainment or care of guests or strangers.
cavern: a large cave.
trident: a three pronged spear.
stature: the natural height of a man.
casting-net: a net that is thrown or cast off.
Hellene (hĕl′en): a Greek.

TO THE PUPIL

The Greeks who lived hundreds of years ago had a strange belief in many gods who ruled over the destinies of men. They believed in a god of war, a god of love, a god of harvest, a god of thunder and a god of every phase of nature and life. These gods were supposed to dwell on Mount Olympus.

Stories that the Greeks give us of this age are called myths. In these tales they try to explain earthquakes, famine, winds, thunder and many things which we now understand. They tell also of the rewards given to the

children of men who do their bidding and the punishments to those who merit their anger.

The Greeks believed these stories and taught them to their children. Today we know they are not true but we enjoy them because they are interesting stories and teach us many lessons.

One of the most beautiful of all the Greek myths is the story you are about to read.

After you have read it you are to talk it over with the class, so you must be prepared to ask questions and to explain what you have read.

How will you find out about some things in the story which you may not understand?

After reading the story, ask your classmates whether you have the right meaning of words that may have troubled you. Ask good, thoughtful questions. Be courteous in addressing your classmates.

The teacher will decide whether you may discuss the story with open books.

Look for the best and most helpful thought in the selection. Read it aloud. The teacher may tell you how well you have expressed the thought.

I

Once upon a time there were twin princes, named Acrisius and Proetus, and they lived in the pleasant vale of Argos, far away in Hellas. They had fruitful meadows and vineyards, sheep and oxen, great herds of horses, and all that men could need to make them happy. Yet

they were wretched, because they were jealous of each other. From the moment they were born they began to quarrel, and when they grew up, each tried to take away the other's share of the kingdom and keep all for himself, till the quarrel was finally settled in this way: Acrisius took Argos and one half the land, and Proetus took Tiryns and the other half. Then Proetus and his wife Cyclopes, who was a foreign princess, built around Tiryns great walls of unhewn stone, which are standing to this day.

Now Acrisius was hard of heart and would not forgive his brother, and a prophet came to him and said, "Because you have risen up against your own blood, your own blood shall rise up against you; because you have sinned against your kindred, by your kindred you shall be punished. Your daughter Danae shall have a son, and by that son's hand you shall die. So the gods

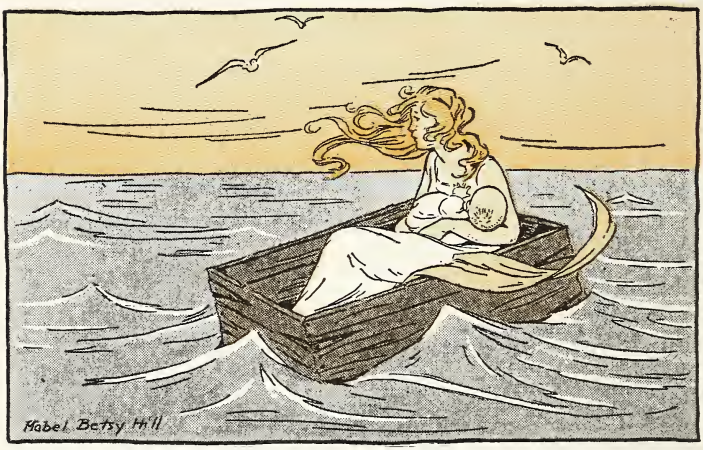
have ordained, and it will surely come to pass."

Then Acrisius was troubled, but he did not mend his ways. He had been cruel to his own family, and instead of repenting and being kind to them, he became more cruel than ever. He shut up his fair daughter in a cavern underground, lined with brass, that no one might come near her. He thought himself more cunning than the gods, but you will see that he was unable to escape them.

For the prophet had spoken truly, and Danae had a son. He was a beautiful child and any but King Acrisius would have had pity on the mother and her little one. But the king took Danae and the child down to the sea-shore, and put them into a great chest, and thrust them out to sea, for the winds and the waves to carry them whithersoever they would.

The northwest wind blew freshly out

of the blue mountains, and down the pleasant vale of Argos, and away and out to sea. And away and out to sea before it, floated the mother and her



babe, while all who watched them wept, except Danae's cruel father, King Acrisius.

So they floated on hour after hour and the chest danced up and down upon the waves, and the baby slept upon his mother's breast; but the poor mother could not sleep, but watched and wept, and sometimes sang to her baby as they floated.

At last they were past the last blue headland, and in the open sea, and there was nothing around them but the waves, and the sky, and the wind. But the waves were gentle, and the sky was clear, and the breeze was tender and low.

So a night and a day passed, and another night and day. Danae was faint with hunger and weeping, but no land appeared. All the while the babe slept quietly, and at last poor Danae dropped her head and fell asleep also, with the babe's cheek against her own.

II

After a while she was awakened suddenly by the jarring and creaking of the chest. She looked, and over her head were mighty cliffs, red in the setting sun; and around her rocks and breakers and flying flakes of foam. She clasped her hands together, and shrieked aloud for help. And as she cried, help met her, for a tall

and stately man came over the rocks, and he looked down wondering upon poor Danae tossing about in the chest among the waves.

The man wore a rough cloak and a broad hat to shade his face. In his hand he carried a trident for spearing fish, and over his shoulder was a casting net. Danae could see by his stature and his flowing hair and beard that he was not a common man, and also by the two servants who came behind him, carrying baskets for his fish. But she had hardly time to look at him, before he had laid aside his trident, and leaped down the rocks, and thrown his casting net over Danae and the chest. Then he drew her and the baby to safety upon a ledge of rock.

The fisherman took Danae by the hand, and lifted her out of the chest and said, "O, beautiful maiden, what strange chance has brought you to this island in so frail

a ship? Who are you, and from whence came you? Surely you are some king's daughter, and this boy is more than mortal."

As he spoke he pointed to the babe, for his face shone like the morning star.

But Danae only held down her head, and sobbed out, "Tell me to what land I have come, and among what men have I fallen?"

And he said, "This isle is called Seriphus, and I am a Hellene, and dwell in it. I am the brother of Polydectes, the king. The men call me Dictys, the netter, because I catch the fish along the shore."

Then Danae fell down at his feet, and cried, "Oh, sir, have pity upon a stranger, whom a cruel doom has driven to your land, and let me live in your house as a servant. I was once a king's daughter, and my boy is of no common race. I will not be a care to you, or eat the

bread of idleness, for I am more skilful in weaving and embroidery than all the maidens of my land."

And she was going on, but Dictys stopped her, and raised her up, and said, "My daughter, I am old, and my hairs are growing gray, and I have no children to make my home cheerful. Come with me, and you shall be a daughter to me and to my wife, and this babe shall be our grandchild. For I fear the gods, and show hospitality to all strangers, knowing that good deeds, like evil ones, always return to those who do them."

So Danae was comforted, and went home with Dictys, the good fisherman, and was a daughter to him and to his wife, till fifteen years had passed.

Perseus Makes a Vow

WORDS TO LEARN

Samos (sā-mŏs).
Pallas Athene (păl'ăs-áthe' nē).
Medusa, the Gorgon.
Hermes, the far-famed Argus slayer, the messenger of the Immortals.
Zeus, the chief of the Olympian gods.
immortal: deathless, everlasting.
wrestling (rĕs'lĭng): striving to throw.
quoit (kwoit): a flattened ring shaped piece of iron to be pitched at an object in play.
javelin (jăv'lĭn): a light spear for hurling.
viper: poisonous snake.
foundling: a baby found after being deserted.
courteous (kûr'te-ŭs): polite, respectful.
righteous (rī'chŭs): that which is honest, just, upright.
discern (dĭ'zûrn'): to see by the eye or by the understanding.
baseness: worthlessness.
monster: a person of great ugliness, wickedness and cruelty.
homage (hŏm'ăj): respect or reverential regard.
scimitar (sĭm'ĭtĕr): a kind of sword with a curved blade.

Do you know the meaning of renowned? boastful? merit?

TO THE PUPIL

The Greeks believed that every river, brook or spring had a goddess called a Naiad. In each tree lived a Dryad. These Naiads and Dryads were called Nymphs. They were greatly beloved by the Greeks and no boy or girl of that country would think of throwing mud into a spring or of thoughtlessly breaking a limb from a tree, lest he frighten the Nymph and injure her.

This chapter introduces the Nymphs: Pallas Athene, the goddess of Wisdom; Hermes, a messenger of the gods; and Medusa, the Gorgon. You will read more about them as the story continues.

Be prepared to discuss the story with the class and to do your share of asking questions and explaining the thought and meaning of the story. Bring before the class every thought which is not clear to you. Choose as your favorite some character in the story. Select fine thoughts and descriptions as well as noble deeds.

I

Fifteen years had passed and gone. Danae's child had now grown to be a tall sailor lad, and had been on many voyages after merchandise to the islands around. His mother called him Perseus, but all the people in Seriphus said that he was not the son of mortal man, and called him the son of Zeus, the King of the Immortals. For though he was only fifteen, he was a head taller than any man in the island. He was the most skilful of all in running, in wrestling and boxing, in throwing the quoit and the javelin, in rowing with the oar, and in all the sports of that country. He was

also brave and truthful, gentle and courteous, for good old Dictys had trained him well. And well it was for Perseus that he had done so, for Danae and her son now fell into great danger, and Perseus had need of all his wit to defend his mother and himself.

For Polydectes, king of the island, was not a righteous man like Dictys, but greedy, and cunning, and cruel. When he saw fair Danae, he wanted to marry her. But she would not, for she did not love him. At last Polydectes became furious, and while Perseus was away at sea he took poor Danae away from Dictys, saying, "If you will not be my wife, you shall be my slave."

So Danae was made a slave, and had to fetch water from the well, and grind in the mill, and was sometimes beaten. She also wore a heavy chain, because she would not marry that cruel king. And Perseus was far away over the seas in

the isle of Samos and did not know that his mother was in slavery.

One day at Samos, while the ship was lading, Perseus wandered into a pleasant wood to get out of the sun. He sat down on the turf, and fell asleep, and as he slept, a strange dream came to him.

In the dream a lady came through the wood, taller than he, and exceedingly beautiful. She had great gray eyes, clear and piercing, but strangely soft and mild. On her head was a helmet, and in her hand a spear, and over her shoulder, above her long blue robes, hung a goatskin, which bore up a mighty shield of brass, polished like a mirror. She stood and looked with her clear gray eyes, into his very heart, as if she could see all the secrets of his soul, and knew all that he had ever thought or longed for since the day that he was born. And Perseus dropped his eyes, trembling and blushing, as the wonderful lady spoke.

"Perseus, you must do an errand for me," she said.

"Who are you, fair lady? And how do you know my name?"

II

"I am Pallas Athene, and I know the thoughts of all men's hearts and discern their manhood or their baseness. And from the souls of clay I turn away; these I will not bless. But to the souls of fire I give more fire, and to those who possess true manhood I give a strength more than man's. These are the heroes, the sons of the Immortals, these will I bless. I drive them forth by strange paths, Perseus, that they may fight the monsters, the enemies of gods and men. Through doubt and need, danger and battle, I drive them, and some of them are slain in the flower of youth, and some of them win noble names by their brave deeds."

Then Perseus answered, boldly, "Better

to die in the flower of youth, on the chance of winning a noble name than to live at ease and die unloved and unrenowned."

Then the strange lady laughed, and held up her brazen shield, and cried, "See here, Perseus, dare you face such a monster as this, and slay it, that I may place its head upon this shield?"

In the mirror of the shield there appeared a face, and as Perseus looked on it his blood grew cold. It was the face of a beautiful woman. Her cheeks were pale as death, her brows were knit and full of pain, her lips were thin and bitter like a snake's. Instead of hair, vipers wreathed about her temples, and shot out their forked tongues, and round her head were folded wings like an eagle's and upon her bosom were claws of brass.

And Perseus looked awhile, and then said, "If there is any thing so fierce and foul on earth, it would be in truth a

noble deed to kill it. Where can I find the monster?"

Then Pallas Athene smiled again, and said, "Not yet, you are too young, and too unskilled. This is Medusa, the Gorgon. Return to your home, and do the work which waits there for you. You must play the man in that before I can think you worthy to go in search of the Gorgon."

Then Perseus would have spoken, but the lady vanished, and he awoke. And behold, it was a dream! But day and night Perseus saw before him the face of that dreadful woman, with the vipers writhing round her head.

So he returned home, and when he came to Seriphus, the first thing which he heard was that his mother was a slave in the house of Polydectes.

Grinding his teeth with rage, he went to the king's palace, and searched the rooms till he found his mother sitting on

the floor, turning the stone handmill, and weeping as she turned it. He lifted her up, kissed her, and bade her follow him. But before they could pass out of the room, Polydectes came in, raging. When Perseus saw him, he flew upon him. "Villain and tyrant!" he cried. "Is this your respect for the gods and your mercy to strangers and widows? You shall die!" And because he had no sword he caught up the stone hand-mill, and lifted it to dash out Polydectes' brains.

But his mother clung to him, shrieking, "Oh, my son, we are strangers, and helpless in the land. If you kill the king, all the people will fall on us, and we shall both die."

Good Dictys, too, who had come in, entreated him. "Remember how I have brought you up, and trained you as my own son, and spare him for my sake."

Then Perseus lowered his hand, and Polydectes, who had been trembling like

a coward, because he knew that he was in the wrong, let Perseus and his mother go.

Perseus took his mother to the temple of Athene, and there the priestess made her one of the temple-sweepers. They knew that in the temple she would be safe, and not even Polydectes would dare to drag her away from the altar. There Perseus and the good Dictys and his wife came to visit her every day. And Polydectes, not being able to get what he wanted by force, planned in his wicked heart to get Danae by cunning.

III

Now Polydectes was sure that he could not get Danae as long as Perseus was in the island, so he made a plot to be rid of him. First he pretended to have forgiven Perseus, and to have forgotten Danae, so that for a while, all went well.

Then the king proclaimed a great feast, and invited all the chiefs and landowners, and the young men of the island, and among them Perseus, that they might all do him homage as their king, and eat of the banquet in his hall.

On the appointed day they all came, and as the custom was then, each guest brought his present to the king; one a horse, another a shawl, or a ring, or a sword, and those who had nothing better brought a basket of grapes, or game. But Perseus brought nothing, for he had nothing to bring, because he was only a poor sailor-lad.

He was ashamed, however, to go into the king's presence without a gift, and he was too proud to ask Dictys to lend him one. So he stood at the door, sorrowfully watching the rich men enter. His face grew very red as they pointed at him and whispered, "What has that foundling to give?"

This was what Polydectes wanted, and as soon as he heard that Perseus stood by the door, he bade them bring him in, and asked him scornfully before them all, "Am I not your king, Perseus, and have I not invited you to my feast? Where is your gift?"

Perseus blushed and stammered, while all the proud men laughed, and some of them began jeering at him openly. "This fellow was thrown ashore here like a piece of weed or drift wood, and yet he is too proud to bring a gift to the king. He is also vain enough to let people call him the son of Zeus."

Poor Perseus grew mad with shame, and hardly knowing what he said, cried out, "A present! Who are you who talk of presents? I will bring a nobler gift than all of yours together!"

"Hear him! Hear the boaster! What is it to be?" they all cried, laughing louder than ever.

Then his dream at Samos came into his mind, and he cried aloud, "The head of the Gorgon."

He was half afraid after he had said the words, for all the people laughed louder than ever, and Polydectes loudest of all, as he said, "You have promised to bring me the Gorgon's head? Then never appear again in this island without it. Go!"

Then Perseus saw that he had fallen into a trap, but his promise had been given and he went out without a word.

Down to the cliffs he went, looking across the broad blue sea, wondering if his dream were true, and praying in the bitterness of his soul.

"Pallas Athene, was my dream true? And shall I slay the Gorgon? If thou didst really show me her face, let me not come to shame as a boastful liar. Rashly and angrily I promised, but bravely and patiently will I perform."

But there was no answer, nor sign, not even a cloud in the sky.

Three times Perseus called, weeping, "Rashly and angrily I promised, but bravely and patiently will I perform."

IV

Then he saw afar off above the sea a small white cloud, as bright as silver. It came on, near and nearer, till its brightness dazzled his eyes.

Perseus wondered at the strange cloud, for there was no other cloud in the sky, and he trembled as it touched the cliff below. As it touched, it broke, and parted, and within it appeared Pallas Athene, as he had seen her at Samos in his dream.

Beside her was a young man whose eyes were like sparks of fire. By his side was a scimitar of diamond, and on his feet were golden sandals, from the heels of which grew living wings.

They looked upon Perseus keenly, and yet they never moved their eyes. They came up the cliffs towards him more swiftly than the sea-gull, yet they never moved their feet, nor did the breeze stir the robes about their limbs, only the wings of the youth's sandals quivered. And Perseus fell down and worshipped, for he knew that they were more than mortal.

But Athene stood before him and spoke gently, and bade him have no fear. "Perseus," she said, "he who overcomes in one trial merits a sharper trial still. You have braved Polydectes, and done manfully. Dare you brave Medusa, The Gorgon?"

And Perseus said, "Try me, for since you spoke to me at Samos, a new soul has been mine, and I should be ashamed not to dare anything which I can do. Show me, then, how I can do this."

"Perseus," said Athene, "think well

before you attempt, for this deed requires a seven years' journey, in which you cannot turn back, nor escape. If your heart fails you, you must die in a strange land, where no man will ever find your bones."

"Better so than live here, useless and despised," said Perseus. "Tell me, fair and wise Goddess, how I can do this one thing, and then, if need be, die!"

V

Then Athene smiled and said, "Be patient, and listen, for if you forget my words, you will indeed die. You must go northward to the country beyond the pole, at the source of the cold north wind. There you will find the three Grey Sisters, who have but one eye and one tooth between them. You must ask them the way to the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star, who dance about

the golden tree, in the island of the west. They will tell you the way to the Gorgon, that you may slay her, my enemy, the mother of monstrous beasts. She was once a beautiful maiden, but she sinned a sin at which the sun hid his face. From that day her hair was turned to vipers, and her hands to eagle's claws. Her heart was filled with shame and rage, and her lips with bitterness. Her eyes became so terrible that whoever looks on them is turned to stone. Can you bring me Medusa's head?"

"I will bring it!" said Perseus. "But how am I to escape her eyes? Will she not freeze me into stone?"

"You shall take this polished shield," said Athene, "and when you come near her, look at her image in the brass, then you may strike her safely. When you have struck off her head, wrap it, with your face turned away, in the folds of the goatskin on which the shield hangs. In

this way you will bring it safely back to me, and win to yourself renown and a place among heroes."

Then Perseus said, "I will go, though I die in going. But how shall I cross the seas without a ship? And who will show me the way? And when I find her, how shall I slay her, if her scales be iron and brass?"

Then the young man spoke, "These sandals of mine will bear you across the seas, over hill and dale like a bird, as they bear me all day long, for I am Hermes the far-famed Argus slayer, the messenger of the Immortals."

Then as Perseus fell down and worshipped, the young man spoke again. "The sandals will guide you on the road, for they are divine and cannot stray, and this sword, the Argus-slayer, will kill Medusa, for it is divine, and needs no second stroke. Arise, gird them on, and go forth."

So Perseus arose, and girded on the sandals and the sword.

And Athene cried, "Now leap from the cliff, and be gone."

But Perseus lingering, said, "May I not bid farewell to my mother and to Dictys? And may I not offer burnt-offerings to you, and to Hermes, the far-famed Argus slayer, and to Father Zeus above?"

"You shall not bid farewell to your mother, lest your heart relent at her weeping. I will comfort her and Dictys until you return in peace. Nor shall you offer burnt-offerings to the Olympians, for your offering shall be Medusa's head. Leap and trust in the armor of the Immortals."

Then Perseus looked down the cliff and shuddered, but he was ashamed to show his fear, and thinking of Medusa and the renown before him, he leaped into the empty air.

And behold, instead of falling, he floated, and ran along the sky. He looked back, but Athene and Hermes had vanished, and the sandals led him ever northward.

Perseus Slays the Gorgon

WORDS TO LEARN

Atlas
Ladon (lā′don).
Heracles (hĕr′ă-cles).
fens: low, flat, marsh lands.
surge: a large wave or billow, a great roll of water.
Tritons (trī′tons): a race of sea gods who quieted the waves by blowing on shell trumpets.
glen: a quiet, narrow valley.
dragon: fierce, destructive person in fables and myths.
talon: the claw of a bird of prey.
crag: a steep, rugged rock.
venerable: old and wise.
tern: a water bird, commonly known as the sea swallow.
Galatea (găl-ă-tē′a): a sea nymph.
nightingale: a small bird which sings with a sweet note at night.
thicket: a dense wood or cluster of trees.
region: a country or district.
fang: the poison-tooth of a serpent.
inflection: change in the tone of the voice.

TO THE PUPIL

This part of the story tells about a strange land where dwell the three Grey Sisters. Read carefully and see if you can tell what form of nature the story of the Three Grey Sisters is meant to explain. You will need to read thoughtfully the slaying of Medusa as she will often be mentioned in your general reading.

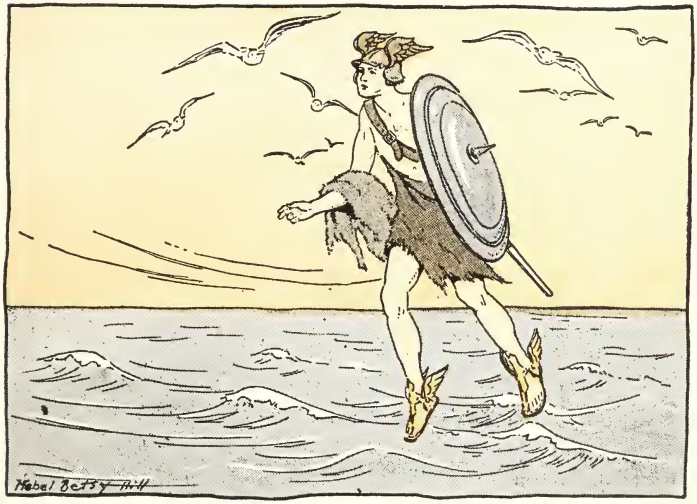
Are you keeping a list of the names and places mentioned in these stories? Is there a reading and reference club in your school? Find the thought that is most interesting to you and ask the teacher to allow you to read it aloud. Try to express the thought by the inflections of your voice.

I

So Perseus started on his journey, going dry-shod over land and sea, and his heart was high and joyful, for the winged sandals bore him each day a seven days' journey.

On he went till the sunny hills of Greece were behind him, and before him were the wilds of the north. He passed through the moors and fens, day and night toward the bleak northwest, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, till he came to the country beyond the pole, the place which has no name.

Seven days he walked through it, on a path which few can tell, for those who have trodden it speak not of it, and those who go there in dreams are glad



enough when they awake. At last he found the three Grey Sisters, by the shore of the freezing sea, nodding upon a white log of drift-wood, beneath the cold white winter moon.

There was no living thing around them, not even moss upon the rocks. The

surge broke up in foam, and it fell again in flakes of snow. It frosted the hair of the three Grey Sisters, and the bones in the ice-cliff above their heads.

They passed the eye from one to the other, but they could not see, and they passed the tooth from one to the other, but they could not eat. They sat in the full glare of the moon, but they were no warmer for her beams. And Perseus pitied the three Grey Sisters, but they did not pity themselves.

So he said, "Oh venerable mothers, wisdom is the daughter of old age. You therefore should know many things. Tell me, if you can, the path to the Gorgon."

Then one cried, "Who is this who reproaches us with old age?" And another, "This is the voice of one of the children of men."

And he said, "I do not reproach, but honor your old age, and I am one of

the sons of men and of the heroes. The Rulers of Olympus have sent me to you, to ask the way to the Gorgon."

Then one cried, "Give me the eye, that I may see him." And another, "Give me the tooth, that I may bite him." But when Perseus saw that they were foolish and proud, and did not love the children of men he stopped pitying them. Then he stepped close to them, and watched till they passed the eye from one hand to another. As they groped about for the eye he held out his hand gently and one of them put the eye into it, thinking that it was the hand of her sister. Then he sprang back and cried, "Cruel and proud old women, I have your eye, and I will throw it into the sea, unless you tell me the path to the Gorgon and swear to me that you tell the truth."

Then they wept, and chattered, and scolded, but they were forced to tell the

truth, "You must go southward," they said, "into the ugly glare of the sun, till you come to Atlas the giant, who holds the heaven and the earth apart. You must ask his nieces, the daughters of the Evening Star, to tell you the way. Now give us back our eye, for we have told you the truth."

So Perseus gave them back their eye, but instead of using it, they nodded and fell fast asleep, and were turned into blocks of ice, and the tide came up and washed them all away. Now they float up and down like icebergs forever, weeping whenever they meet the sunshine, and the fruitful summer, and the warm south wind.

II

But Perseus leaped away to the southward, leaving snow and ice behind, while the sun rose higher day by day upon a bright blue summer sea. The terns and

sea-gulls swept laughing round his head, and called to him to stop and play. All night long the sea-nymphs sang sweetly; and the Tritons blew upon their conchs, as they played round Galatea their Queen, in her car of pearled shells. Day by day the sun rose higher, and leaped more swiftly into the sea at night, and more swiftly out of the sea at dawn.

Perseus skimmed over the billows like a sea-gull, and his feet were never wet. He leaped from wave to wave, and his limbs were never weary, and at last he saw, far away, a mighty mountain, all rose-red in the setting sun. Its feet were wrapped in forests, and its head in wreaths of cloud, and Perseus knew that it was Atlas, who holds the heavens and the earth apart.

So he came to the mountain, leaped on shore, and wandered among pleasant valleys and waterfalls, tall trees, strange ferns and flowers, but there was no smoke

rising from any glen, nor house, nor any sign of man.

At last he heard sweet voices singing, and he knew that he had come to the garden of the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star.

They sang like nightingales among the thickets, and Perseus stopped to hear their song, but he could not understand the words. He stepped forward and saw them dancing, hand in hand around the charmed tree, which bent under its golden fruit. Round the tree foot was coiled the dragon, old Ladon the sleepless snake, who lies there forever, listening to the song of the maidens, blinking and watching with dry bright eyes.

Then Perseus stopped, not because he feared the dragon, but because he was bashful before those fair maidens. When they saw him they stopped, and called to him with trembling voices, "Who are you? Are you Heracles the mighty, who will

come to rob our garden, and carry off our golden fruit?"

And he answered, "I am not Heracles the mighty, and I do not want your



golden fruit. Tell me, fair nymphs, the way to the Gorgon, that I may go on my way and slay her."

"Not yet, not yet," they cried. "Come and dance with us around the tree, in

the garden which knows no winter, the home of the south wind and the sun. Come hither and play with us awhile. We have danced alone for a thousand years, and our hearts are weary with longing for a playfellow."

"I cannot dance with you, fair maidens, for I must do the errand of the Immortals. Tell me the way to the Gorgon, lest I wander and perish in the waves."

Then they sighed, and wept, and answered; "The Gorgon! She will freeze you into stone."

"It is better to die like a hero than to live like an ox in a stall. The Immortals have lent me weapons, and they will give me wit to use them."

Then they sighed again and answered "If you are bent on your own ruin, be it so. We cannot tell you the way to the Gorgon, but we will ask the giant Atlas, who sits above on our mountain peak. He is the brother of our father,

the silver Evening Star. From his lofty seat he sees across the ocean, and far away into the country beyond the pole."

III

So they went up the mountain to Atlas, their uncle, and Perseus went up with them. And they found the giant kneeling, as he held the heavens and earth apart.

They asked him, and he answered mildly, pointing to the sea with his mighty hand, "I can see the Gorgons lying on an island far away, but this youth can never come near them, unless he has a hat of darkness, for he who wears it cannot be seen."

Then cried Perseus, "Where is that hat, that I may find it."

But the giant smiled, "No living mortal can find the hat, for it lies in the regions of the dead. But my nieces are immortal and they shall fetch it for you,

if you promise me one thing and keep your faith."

The Perseus promised, and the giant said, "When you come back with the head of Medusa, you shall show me the beautiful horror, that I may lose my feeling and breathing, and become a stone forever. For it is weary labor for me to hold the heavens and the earth apart."

Then Perseus promised again and the eldest of the nymphs went down and into a dark cavern among the cliffs, out of which came smoke and thunder.

And Perseus and the nymphs sat down seven days and waited trembling, till the nymph came up again. Her face was pale, and her eyes dazzled with the light, for she had been long in the dreary darkness, but in her hand was the magic hat.

Then all the nymphs cried over Perseus, and pleaded with him to stay, but he was impatient to be gone. So at last

they put the hat upon his head, and he vanished out of their sight.

So Perseus went on boldly, far away into the heart of the country that has no name, till he heard the rustle of the Gorgons' wings, and saw the glitter of their brazen talons. Then he knew that it was time to halt, lest Medusa should freeze him into stone.

He thought awhile till he remembered Athené's words. He rose into the air, held the mirror of the shield above his head, and looked up into it that he might see all that was below him.

And he saw the three Gorgons, sleeping, as huge as elephants. He knew that they could not see him, because the hat of darkness hid him, yet he trembled as he sank down near them, so terrible were their brazen claws.

IV

Two of the Gorgons lay sleeping heavily with their mighty wings outspread, but Medusa tossed to and fro restlessly, and as she tossed Perseus pitied her, she looked so fair and sad. Her face was like the face of a nymph, but her eyebrows were knit, and her lips clenched, with everlasting pain and care, and her long neck gleamed so white in the mirror, that Perseus had not the heart to strike.

But as he looked, the viper's heads awoke, and peeped up with their bright dry eyes, and showed their fangs, and hissed. And as Medusa tossed she threw back her wings, and showed her brazon claws, and when Perseus saw that, he knew that she was as fierce as the rest.

So he came down, looking steadfastly on his mirror, and struck stoutly once, and he did not need to strike again.

Then he wrapped the head in the goatskin and turning away his eyes, he

sprang into the air faster than he ever sprang before. For Medusa's wings and talons rattled as she sank dead upon the rocks, and her two fierce sisters awoke and sprang into the air yelling, and looking for the one who had done the deed.

On they rushed, like eagles after a hare, and in spite of his courage, Perseus' blood ran cold and he cried, "Bear me well, now, brave sandals, for the hounds of death are at my heels!"

And well the brave sandals bore him, aloft through cloud and sunshine, across the shoreless sea, and fast followed the hounds of death, as the roar of their wings came down the wind. But the roar became fainter and fainter, and the howl of their voices died away, for the sandals were too swift, even for Gorgons, and by nightfall they were far behind, two black specks in the southern sky till the sun sank and he saw them no more.

Then he came again to Atlas, and the Garden of the Nymphs, and when the giant heard him coming, he groaned, and said, "Fulfil the promise to me." Then Perseus held up to him the Gorgon's head and Atlas had rest from all his toil, for he became a crag of stone, and sleeps forever far above the clouds.

Then Perseus thanked the Nymphs, and asked them, "By what road shall I go homeward, for I wandered far in coming here?"

And they wept and cried, "Go home no more, but stay and play with us, the lonely maidens, who dwell forever far away from gods and men."

But he refused, and they told him the way and said, "Take this magic fruit, and if you eat at once, you will not hunger for seven days."

Then they wept over Perseus again, but he leaped down the mountain and went on like a sea-gull away and out to sea.

Perseus Comes to Ethiopia

WORDS TO LEARN

Sĕr′ĭphŭs
Atergatis
Ăndrŏm′ĕda
Eos (ē′ŏs)
Cepheus
Căssĭōpēia
falcon: a bird with a hooked beak trained for hunting.
asp: a small poisonous snake of Egypt.
breed: to hatch.
pyramid: a solid body standing on a triangular, square or many sided base. Pyramids are tombs in Egypt of such shape.
clambering: climbing.
gourd: a fleshy, three-celled, many seeded fruit; as mellon, pumpkin.
timbrel: a kind of small drum.
fetter: a chain to bind.
galley: a low, flat, one decked vessel moved by oars; sometimes by sails.
prevail: to overcome.
vanished: disappeared.
Titans: gigantic beings of an older race than the gods.
obelisk: a tall, four-sided stone pillar.
flax: a slender plant with blue flowers from the fiber of which linen is made.
millet: a grain-bearing grass.
accursed: doomed to destruction.
victim: a living being sacrificed in a religious rite or ceremony.

TO THE PUPIL

As you read, compare the country with that in which the three Grey Sisters lived. Read the beautiful descriptions and try to remember them when you study about the desert and the valley of the Nile in Egypt. Many new

characters are introduced but the story explains them. Be prepared to discuss the story. Express your feeling as you read it aloud.

I

So Perseus flitted onward to the north-east till he came to the rolling sandhills, and as he went, the blood drops fell to the earth from the Gorgon's head and became poisonous asps and adders, which breed in the desert to this day.

Over the sands he went, he never knew how far or how long, feeding on the fruit which the Nymphs had given him, hoping all day long to see the blue Mediterranean sparkling, that he might fly across to his home.

But a mighty wind came down and swept him back southward toward the desert again. All day long he strove against it, but even the winged sandals could not prevail. So he was forced to float with the wind all night, and when the morning dawned there was nothing to be seen, save the old waste of sand.

And out of the north the sand-storms rushed upon him, blotting out the noon-day sun, and Perseus fled before them, lest he should be choked by the burning dust. At last the wind became calm, and he tried to go northward again, but again the sand-storms came, and swept him back into the waste, and then all was calm and cloudless as before.

Seven days he strove against the storms, and seven days he was driven back, till he was sick with thirst. Here and there he fancied he saw a fair lake, and the sunbeams shining on the water, but when he came to it, it vanished at his feet, and there was nothing but burning sand. And if he had not been of the race of the Immortals, he would have perished in the desert, but his life was strong within him, because it was more than mortal.

Then he cried to Athene, and said, "Fair and Pure, if thou hearest me, wilt

thou leave me here to die of thirst? I have brought thee the Gorgon's head at thy bidding, and dost thou desert me at the last? Shall I never see my mother again, and the blue ripple around Seriphus, and the sunny hills of Hellas?"

Thus he prayed, and after he had prayed there was a great silence.

The heaven was still above his head, and the sand was still beneath his feet, and Perseus looked up, but there was nothing but the blinding sun in the blinding blue, and around him there was nothing but the blinding sand.

Perseus stood still awhile, and waited, and said, "Surely I am not here without the will of the Immortals, for Athene will not lie. Were not these sandals to lead me in the right road? Then the road in which I have tried to go must be the wrong road."

Suddenly his ears were opened, and he heard the sound of running water.

At that his heart was lifted up, though he scarcely dared believe his ears, and weary as he was, he hurried forward. And before him was a glen in the sand, and marble rocks and date trees, and a lawn of gay green grass. Through the lawn a streamlet sparkled and wandered out beyond the trees, and vanished in the sand.

The water trickled among the rocks, the pleasant breeze rustled in the dry date-branches, and Perseus laughed for joy. He leaped down the cliff, drank of the cool water, and ate of the dates. He slept upon the turf, then leaped up and went forward again, but not toward the north this time, for he said, "Surely Athene has sent me hither, and will not have me go homeward yet." There may be another noble deed to be done, before I see the sunny hills of Hellas."

II

So he went east, by fresh oases and fountains, date palms, and lawns of grass, till he saw before him a mighty mountain-wall, rose-red in the setting sun.

Then he towered in the air like an eagle and flew all night across the mountain till the day began to dawn, and rosy-fingered Eos came blushing up the sky. And then, behold, beneath him was the long green garden of Egypt, and the shining stream of the Nile.

He saw cities walled up to heaven, and temples and obelisks, and pyramids, and giant gods of stone. He walked amid fields of barley and flax, and millet, and clambering gourds. He saw the people coming out of the gates of a great city, and setting to work among the water courses, parting the streams among the plants cunningly with their feet, according to the wisdom of the Egyptians.

But when they saw him they all stopped their work, and gathered round him and cried, "Who art thou, fair youth? What bearest thou beneath thy goat skin? Surely thou art one of the Immortals, for thy skin is white like ivory, and ours is red like clay. Thy hair is like threads of gold, and ours is black and curled. Surely thou art one of the Immortals?"

And they would have worshipped him but Perseus said, "I am not one of the Immortals, but I am a hero of the Hellans. I have slain the Gorgon in the wilderness, and bear her head with me. Give me food, that I may finish my work."

Then they gave him food, and fruit, and wine, but they would not let him go. When the news came into the city that the Gorgon was slain, the priests came out to meet him, and the maidens, with songs and dances, and timbrels and harps, and they would have brought him to their temple and to their king, but Perseus

put on the hat of darkness and vanished out of their sight.

Then Perseus went to the eastward, along the Rea Sea shore, and turned northward once more, and this time no storm hindered him. He went onward for a day and night and at the dawn of the second day he looked toward the cliffs, and at the water's edge, under a black rock, he saw a white image.

"This," thought he, "must surely be the statue of some sea-god. I will go near and see what kind of gods these people worship."

So he came near and saw that it was not a statue, but a maiden of flesh and blood, and as he came closer, he could see how she shrank and shivered, when the waves sprinkled her with cold salt spray. Her arms were spread above her head, and fastened to the rock with chains of brass, and her head dropped with weariness and grief. But now and then she looked


Mabel Betsy Hill

up and wailed and called her mother, but she did not see Perseus, for the cap of darkness was on his head.

Full of pity and indignation Perseus drew near and looked at the maiden. Her ckeeks were darker than his, her hair was blue-black and Perseus thought, "I have never seen so beautiful a maiden in all our Isles. Surely, she is a king's daughter and too fair to have done any wrong. I will speak to her."

III

And lifting his hat from his head, he flashed into her sight.

She shrieked with terror, and tried to hide her face with her hair, but Perseus cried, "Do not fear me, fair one for I am a Hellene. What cruel men have bound you? But first I will set you free."

And he tore at the fetters, but they were too strong for him, and the maiden

cried, "Touch me not, I am accursed, devoted as a victim to the sea-gods. They will slay you, if you dare to set me free."

"Let them try," said Perseus, and drawing the sword from his thigh he cut the brass as if it had been flax.

"Now," he said, "you belong to me, and not to these sea-gods, whoever they may be!" But she only called all the more for her mother.

Then Perseus cried, "I know now why Pallas Athene sent me hither. She sent me to gain a prize worth all my toil, and more. Where are these sea-gods, cruel and unjust, who doom fair maidens to death? I carry weapons of the Immortals. Let them measure their strength against mine! But tell me, maiden, who you are, and what dark fate brought you here?"

And she answered, weeping, "I am the daughter of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia,

and my mother is Cassiopeia of the beautiful tresses, and they called me Andromeda, as long as life was mine. And I stand bound here, for the sea-monster's food, to atone for my mother's rash words. She boasted of me once that I was fairer than Atergatis, Queen of the Fishes. So in her wrath she sent the sea floods, and her brother the Fire King sent the earthquakes, and wasted all the land, and after the floods, a monster, who devours all living things. And now he must devour me, guiltless though I am.

But Perseus laughed, and said, "A sea-monster? I have fought with worse than he. I would have faced the Immortals for your sake, and surely I can face a beast of the sea."

Then Andromeda looked up at him, and new hope was kindled in her heart, so proud and fair did Perseus stand, with one hand around her and in the other the

glittering sword. But she sighed, and wept, and cried, "Why will you die? Is there not death and sorrow enough in the world already? It is noble for me to die, that I may save the lives of a whole people, but why should I slay you, too? Go your way, I must go mine."

But Perseus cried, "Not so, for the gods of Olympus, whom I serve, are the friends of the heroes, and help them on to noble deeds. Led by them, I slew the Gorgon. With their aid do I come hither to slay this monster with that same Gorgon's head. But hide your eyes, when I leave you, lest the sight of it freeze you to stone."

But the maiden answered nothing, for she could not believe his words. Then suddenly looking up, she pointed to the sea, and shrieked, "There he comes, with the sunrise, as they promised. I must die now. How shall I endure it? Oh, go! Is it not dreadful enough to be

torn to pieces without having you to look on?" And she tried to thrust him away.

"I go," he said, "but promise me one thing ere I go, that if I slay this beast you will be my wife, and come back with me to my kingdom in fruitful Argos, for I am a king's heir."

Then she promised, and Perseus laughed for joy, and flew upward, while Andromeda crouched trembling on the rock waiting for what might befall.

IV

On came the great sea-monster, coasting along like a huge black galley. His great sides were fringed with clustering shells and sea-weeds, and the water gurgled in and out of his wide jaws, and he rolled along, dripping and glistening, in the beams of the morning sun.

At last he saw Andromeda, and shot

forward to take his prey, while the waves foamed white behind him, and before him the fish fled leaping.

Then down from the height of the air fell Perseus, like a shooting star, down to the crests of the waves, and Andromeda hid her face as he shouted. Then there was a silence for a while.

At last she looked up trembling, and saw Perseus springing toward her, and instead of the monster there stood a long black rock, with the sea rippling quietly around it.

Then Perseus lifted his fair Andromeda in his arms and flew with her to the cliff-top as a falcon carries a dove.

And great joy filled the hearts of all the people. For they had watched the monster from the cliffs. Already a messenger had gone to Cepheus and Cassiopeia, where they sat in sack-cloth and ashes in the innermost palace awaiting their daughter's end.

They came, and all the city with them, to see and to wonder. With songs and with dances, with cymbals and harps they received their daughter back again, as one alive from the dead.

Then Cepheus said, "Hero of the Hellenes, stay here with me and be my son-in-law, and I will give you the half of my kingdom."

"I will be your son-in-law," said Perseus, "but half of your kingdom I will not take. I long for the pleasant land of Greece, and my mother who waits for me at home."

Then Cepheus said, "You must not take my daughter away at once, for she is to us like one alive from the dead. Stay with us a year, and after that you shall return with honor."

And Perseus consented, but before he went to the palace, he bade the people bring stones and wood, and he built three altars, one to Athene, and one to

Hermes, and one to Father Zeus, and he offered bullocks and rams.

Then a great wedding feast was prepared. It lasted seven whole days and happy indeed were Preseus and Andromeda.

But on that night Perseus dreamed a dream. He saw standing beside him Pallas Athene, as he had seen her in Seriphos, seven long years before. She stood and called him by name, and said, "Perseus, you have played the man, you have your reward. Know now that the gods are just, and help him who helps himself. Give me the sword, and the sandals, and the hat of darkness, that I may give them back to their owners, but the Gorgon's head you shall keep awhile, for you will need it in your land of Greece. There you shall lay it up in my temple at Seriphos that I may wear it on my shield forever, a terror to the Titans, and the monsters, and foes of gods and men.

As for this land, I have appeased the

sea and the fire, and there shall be no more floods nor earthquakes. But let the people build altars to Father Zeus and to me, and worship the Immortals, the lords of heaven and earth."

And as Perseus rose to give her the sword, and the cap, and the sandals his dream vanished. Yet it was not altogether a dream, for the goat-skin with the head was in its place, but the sword, and the cap, and the sandals were gone, and Perseus never saw them again.

Then a great awe fell on Perseus; and he went out to the people and told his dream, and bade them build altars to Zeus the Father of the gods and men and to Athene who gives wisdom to heroes.

Perseus Comes Home Again

PHRASES TO REMEMBER

Joppa in Palestine
Sea of Crete
blue Aegian
Cepehus with his knightly crown
Căssĭōpē'ia in her ivory chair plaiting her star-spangled tresses
Ăndrŏm'ĕdȧ spreading her long white arms across the heaven
reap as they have sown

WORDS TO LEARN

Tyre
Lȧrĭs'sa
vermilion: a brilliant red coloring matter.
pitch: a black sticky substance obtained from boiled tar.
dowry: the property a woman brings to her husband at marriage.
kin: relatives.
fathom: a measure of length equal to six feet.
ancients: those who lived in times of long ago.
beacon: a signal of warning or guidance on sea or land.
ancient: relating to the early history of the world.
threshold: a door-sill; place or point of entrance.
Argives: the Greeks of Argus.
yeomen: attendants.
yearn: to feel an earnest desire.
prophecy (prof-e-si): any foretelling of future happenings.

TO THE PUPIL

The ancient Greeks loved these myths. Fathers told them to their children in the twilight. Shepherds talked

about them as they watched the sheep and gazed at the starry sky, till in some way the stars came to be called by the names of their gods. As you finish this story and learn where some of these gods may be found, you can, on a clear evening study the stars in the sky and find the fanciful figures which represent the gods. These figures are called constellations.

Discuss with your classmates the myths you have read and be prepared to tell which you consider the finest one.

I

When a year was ended, Perseus hired men from Tyre, and cut down cedars, and built himself a noble galley. He painted its cheeks with vermilion, and pitched its sides with pitch. In it he put Andromeda, and all her dowry of jewels, and rich shawls, and spices from the East, and great was the weeping when they rowed away. But the remembrance of a brave deed was left behind, and Andromeda's rock was shown at Joppa in Palestine for more than a thousand years.

So Perseus and his men rowed to the westward, across the Sea of Crete, till they

came to the blue Aegian and the pleasant isles of Hellas, and Seriphus, his ancient home.

Then he left his galley on the beach, and went up as of old. He embraced his mother, and Dictys, his good foster-father, and they wept over each other a long while, for it was seven years and more since they had met.

Then Perseus went out, and up to the hall of Polydectes, and underneath the goat-skin he bore the Gorgon's head.

And when he came into the hall, Polydectes sat at the table head and all his nobles and landowners on either side, each according to his rank, feasting on the fish and the goat's flesh.

Then Perseus stood upon the threshold and called the king by name. But none of the guests knew Perseus, for he was changed by his long journey. He had gone out a boy, and he had come home a hero with eyes that shone like an eagle's.

But Polydectes, the wicked, knew him, and hardened his heart against him, and called scornfully, "Ah, foundling! Have you found it more easy to promise than to fulfill?"

"Those whom the gods help fulfill their promises," answered Perseus, "and those who despise the gods, reap as they have sown. Behold the Gorgon's head!"

Then Perseus drew back the goat-skin, and held aloft the Gorgon's head.

Polydectes and his guests grew pale as they looked upon that dreadful face. They tried to rise from their seats, but each man stiffened into a ring of cold gray stones.

Then Perseus gave the kingdom to good Dictys, and sailed away with his mother and his bride.

He rowed westward to Argos, landed, and went up to the town. And when he came, he found that Acrisius, his grandfather, had gone. For Proetus, the

wicked brother, had made war against him again, and conquered Argos, and Acrisius had fled.

Then Perseus called the Argives together, and told them who he was, and all of the deeds which he had done. And the nobles and the yeoman made him king, for they saw that he had a royal heart. They fought with him against Proetus and took Argos, and built walls around Argos, and there were great rejoicings in the vale because they had now a king from Father Zeus.

II

But Perseus's heart yearned after his grandfather. He said, "Surely, he is my flesh and blood, and he will love me now that I have come home with honor. I will go and find him and bring him home, and we will reign together in peace."

So Perseus sailed away with his men till he came to the town of Larissa.

And all the people were in the fields and there was feasting, and all kinds of games, for their king wished to honor Acrisius, because he was the king of a mighty land.

Perseus did not tell his name, but went to the games unknown. He said, "If I carry away the prize in the games, my grandfather's heart will be softened toward me."

So he threw off his helmet, and stood among the youths of Larissa, while all wondered at him and said, "Who is this young stranger? Surely he is one of the heroes, the sons of the Immortals from Olympus."

And when the games began, they wondered yet more, for Perseus was the best man of all, at running, and leaping, at wrestling and throwing the javelin, and he won four crowns, and took them. Then he said to himself, "There is a fifth crown yet to be won. I will win that, and lay

them all upon the knees of my grandfather."

As he spoke, he saw by the side of the king, his royal grandfather with his white beard flowing down upon his knees, and his royal staff in his hand. Perseus wept when he looked at him, for his heart yearned after his kin, and he said, "Surely he is a kingly old man, yet he need not be ashamed of his grandson."

Then he took the quoits, and hurled them, five fathoms, beyond the rest, and the people shouted, "Further yet, brave stranger! There has never been such a hurler in this land."

Then Perseus put out all his strength and hurled. But a gust of wind came from the sea, and carried the quoit aside, and far beyond all the rest, and it fell on the foot of Acrisius, and he swooned with the pain.

Perseus shrieked, and ran up to him,

but when they lifted the old man up, he was dead.

Then Perseus rent his clothes, and cast dust upon his head, and wept a long while for his grandfather. At last he rose, and called to all the people aloud, and said, "The gods are true and what they have ordained must be. I am Perseus, the grandson of this dead man, and the slayer of the Gorgon."

Then he told them how the prophecy had declared that he should kill his grandfather, and all the story of his life.

So there was great mourning for Acrisius. And Perseus went to the temple, and was purified from the guilt of the death, because he had done it unknowingly.

Then he went home to Argos, and reigned there well with fair Andromeda, and they had four sons and three daughters.

And when they died, the ancients say,

Athene took them up into the sky, with Cepheus and Cassiopeia. And there on starlight nights you may see them shining still; Cepheus with his kingly crown and Cassiopeia in her ivory chair, plaiting her star-spangled tresses, and Perseus with the Gorgon's head, and fair Andromeda beside him, spreading her long white arms across the heaven, as she stood when chained to the stone for the monster. All night they shine, for a beacon to wandering sailors, but all day they feast with the gods on the still blue peaks of Olympus.

THE LOST HOUR

WORDS TO LEARN

render: give; state.
verdict: decision; judgment.
evidence: that which tends to prove or disprove something.
accused: charged with a fault or offense.

TO THE PUPIL

Here is a story in which a man is brought into court and accused of theft. It is for you to sit in the judge's seat and render a verdict for, or against the prisoner.

You will decide first whether time has a real value. Then decide whether the man lost anything of his own while waiting. Did the prisoner give a good reason for his theft?

From the evidence decide whether the prisoner had formed habits which could not be broken, and whether the judge did right in not allowing him another chance.

The judge looked at the two men before him. One was small, alert, and very wide-awake. The other was large, dull, and drowsy.

"Who are you?" said the judge at length.

"An officer with a prisoner, your honor," was the reply.

"Which is the officer, and which the prisoner?"

"I am the officer," said the little man.

"Who is your prisoner?"

"I don't know his name, your honor."

"Prisoner, what is your name?"

"Late Comer, your honor."

"Where do you live?"

"In Slow Street."

"What is your occupation?"

"I'm a waiter, your honor."

"Where do you wait?"

"Wherever people are in a hurry."

"Officer, what is the charge?"

"Stealing, your honor."

"What is he charged with stealing?"

"Time, your honor."

"Did you catch him in the act?"

"I did, your honor."

"Where was he?"

"In bed."

"In whose bed?"

"In his own."

"From whom could he be stealing in his own bed?"

"He was stealing an hour from a busy man with whom he had an appointment. As that man had to keep a committee of ten waiting an hour, while he was waiting for this man, he stole an hour apiece from them. So, your honor, I caught him stealing eleven hours."

"Prisoner, this is a serious charge. Are you willing to restore the time to those from whom you stole it?"

"I cannot, your honor."

"Officer, is this true?"

"Yes, sir, it is gone and can never be recovered."

"Prisoner, do you admit your guilt?"

"I confess, sir, that I took the time and lost it, your honor, but I couldn't help it. I was just waiting to be sure that the man would be there."

"I see no excuse for you, and I hereby sentence you to an indefinite term in the Waiters' Penitentiary. Officer, lead him away."

MAR 9 1928


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